

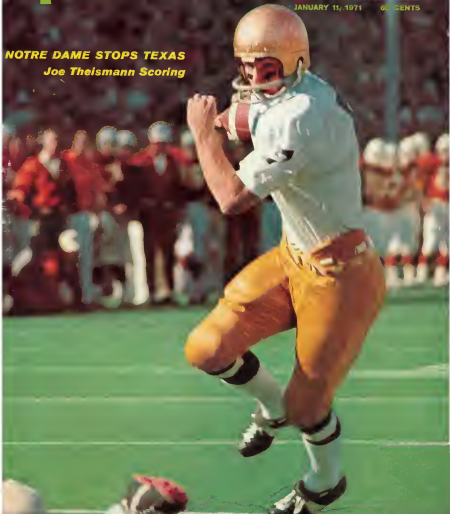
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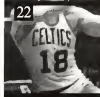
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Next Week

GOLF'S RICHEST TOUR gets under way next week in Los Angeles, and Dan Jenkins will be there to give the pros a proper send-off and review the high points of last year.

"BLACK IS BEST" often seems valid in sports these days. Martin Kane offers some fascinating—if controversial—theories of racial distinctions, both scientific and otherwise.

BAJA CALIFORNIA lures in the Mexican sun, luring acrobatic Northerners to one of the world's great fish traps. In a color portfolio, Arias Francis Golden casts another lure.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Was Yukio Mishima, actor, activist, philosopher, poseur and Japan's premier novelist, signaling his intention to commit ceremonial suicide in his last written works? The most careful perusal of the article *Testament of a Samurai*, beginning on page 24 of this issue, gives little or no evidence to this effect. Yet, nearly all Mishima's writing is heavy with the theme of doom, and Michael Gallagher, the scholar who translated this article for us and who was Mishima's favorite translator, cites impressive indications that the author was putting an implicit "period" to his controversial career in at least one of his latest efforts, a four-novel series called *Sea of Fertility*. In it the Japanese author describes the horrific act of *seppuku* that was to be his instrument of self-destruction.

"It was as though he were telling us, 'I've said everything I have to say,'" Gallagher told SI recently. "He seemed to be saying, 'Now let it be done for good.'" Beyond this, friends of Mishima recalled other instances in which he alluded to the possibility of taking his own life.

Testament of a Samurai arrived in our offices only weeks before its author committed suicide in the headquarters of the Japanese Self-Defense Forces. It had been our hope that in future months Mishima might be persuaded to write an account of Japan's preparations for the 1972 Winter Olympics, and we planned this article as a kind of introduction of the world-famed writer to our readers.

In contrast to Mishima's last fiction works, *Testament* contains none of the portents of self-destruction that Gallagher mentions. Indeed, in it Mishima seems to be addressing us from behind another of his several masks—that of the vital athlete-artist. It is almost chilling to reach the end of the piece and find there his closing words: "... alive."

As is mentioned in the introduction

to the article, Mishima's philosophy of life, and manner of death as well, bear certain resemblances to those of the Western world's own self-dramatizing author, Ernest Hemingway. And, as Hemingway might have observed, Mishima died well, within the context of that philosophy.

Details of Mishima's ceremonial suicide were glossed over in U.S. news dispatches, but Japanese reports told in detail how the author had returned from his balcony harangue to the Self-Defense Forces troops, remarked calmly, "I guess they didn't hear me" and proceeded with his ritual.

Eyewitnesses told how Mishima endured almost unthinkable pain in slashing himself across the lower abdomen with the razor-sharp sword. Though stunned by the act, they reported he made an incision nearly six inches across before the samurai swordsman standing behind him, a member of Mishima's paramilitary Shield Society, severed his head—and not too efficiently, either.

The point of all this is that according to the ideal of *seppuku*—a highly ritualized affair—the swordsman-friend is required to deliver his coup de grace only when the suicide himself shows visible signs of pain or breaks the rigid kneeling posture. For Mishima to have gone so far in his self-mutilation, say authorities on samurai tradition, puts him into a category almost by himself in stoic endurance of pain.

The tragedy from our Western point of view must be that so beautifully conditioned a human instrument as Yukio Mishima should be discarded so needlessly.

Rich Munro

SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

JUMPERS GROUNDED?

Even before her jumpers Top Bid and Jaunty ran one-three in the \$100,000 Colonial Cup steeplechase in Camden, S.C. last Nov. 14, Mrs. Ogden Phipps was forecasting nothing but doom for a sport that she and her trainer, Mike Smithwick, have dominated for so many years. "I really think that jumping is dying," moaned Lil Phipps. "The jumping people depend on New York and the trouble is that the New York Racing Association has to be economic-minded. New York racing management is not interested in preserving jumping."

The wife of the chairman of the Jockey Club is prophetic: indeed, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, newly elected chairman of the NYRA, has stated his intention of proposing at the next board meeting that the number of steeplechase and hurdle races be cut by one-third and the amount of purse money allotted to the jumpers be reduced by one-half in 1971. His contention is that the public shies away from betting on jump races and that the resultant loss in the track's share of the mutual handle last year was close to \$500,000, an amount that he and some of his fellow trustees consider "undefensible" to the New York State legislature.

Not everyone always agrees with Alfred Vanderbilt on racing matters, and in this case we prefer to side with one of his predecessors, John W. Hanes, who is aware that if Vanderbilt's proposal is accepted a great sport will find it hard to survive: the purse money available simply will not support the number of jockeys, trainers and owners necessary to fill the races.

Aside from the grand spectacle steeplechase racing offers track audiences, it would also seem that the jumping sport is one of the best drawing cards racing has to offer the younger generation. Many of our most famous flat owners and trainers came into the sport through steeplechasing, including

the breeder, owner and trainer of Hoist the Flag, 1971 Kentucky Derby winter book favorite.

Finally, Mr. Hanes reminds us that the NYRA owes a debt to steeplechasing, whose meetings kept racing alive in New York during the 1911-12 blackout when betting was illegal, and he feels that the present loss in mutual handle is offset by the admissions paid and money bet on flat races by those who come to see the jumpers during the course of a season. He adds it would be a great shame, as well as a bit hasty, if the NYRA were to initiate a strangulation process just at a moment when a drastic reorganization of steeplechasing's governing body indicates that the sport is fully capable of flourishing once again. We agree with him.

BOXING'S SEA OF MISFORTUNE

When the mob and the International Boxing Club ruled boxing, television supersaturated the channels with dull fights three times a week; as a result, the end of prizefighting as a popular sport was held to be very much in sight. Then the leading mobsters were jailed, the IBC was dissolved and television turned to other entertainment. The more optimistic fans thought then that the small fight clubs would be revived and boxing would once again come back into its own.

It isn't necessarily so. Prizefighting continues to be the most mismanaged of sports. As witness: once a month the World Boxing Association publishes a list of fighters who have been suspended, permanently or indefinitely. Reasons given include injuries, medical causes, broken contracts, police records and the like. But the list is often ignored by promoters, who, with the connivance of local commissions, let such suspended fighters appear on their cards.

And mismatches are common. Thus, George Foreman, No. 3 challenger in the heavyweight division, was permitted to take on one Bob Hazelton, who had

had only five bouts professionally. Of these (four four-rounders and one of six rounds) he had won three and lost two, both times by knockouts. It was not surprising that Foreman knocked him out in a single round.

Other absurdities, some of which may yet prove tragic, include a welterweight with a record of 23 bouts but only one win; a heavyweight who was knocked out 16 times in 18 bouts; a heavyweight who was kayoed nine times in 11 fights; a middleweight who in 30 bouts won two, lost by decision in 13 and was knocked out in 15. Many more cases could be cited.

"We have results of five shows from one boxing body (not a WBA member)," the WBA reports, "which resulted in a total of 65 rounds contested or an average of 13 rounds per show. Great matchmaking, don't you think?"

Not really. This averages out to a knockout roughly every 2½ rounds, and any commission worthy of its obligations must consider ineptitude as an excellent reason to deny a so-called professional fighter a license.

NO PROFITS IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY

The Baltimore Orioles, winners of two straight American League championships and a World Series to boot, supporters of all those high-priced star players, have been pined greatly for their lack of support in their own home town. Fewer than a million went through the turnstiles last season to see them play.

On the road it was different. J. Frank Cashen, Oriole executive vice-president, has announced that at the end of the fiscal year net income for the team was \$345,161 and \$1.70 per share, as against \$232,238 and \$1.14 a year ago. The board of directors has declared the largest dividend in the 16-year history of the club, voting to pay \$1.40 a share to stockholders of record December 4.

Although ticket sales were 1,037,069 (higher than the turnstile count), it was the road receipts that helped boost the team's profits. The Orioles led the American League in road attendance with 1,311,394 total customers.

HOW ABOUT MUHAMMAD ALI AVENUE?

A quiet little street of small houses in Greensboro, N.C., Joe Louis Boulevard, was the subject of city hall discussion during a recent street-naming project.

It is only two blocks long and the city code says boulevards must be large, long and open.

Furthermore, Mayor Jack Elam wondered, who was the Joe Lewis who was so honored?

It turned out that the street was named by the developer, the late John Hobbs, on April 13, 1940, just two weeks after Joe Lewis had knocked out Johnny Paycheck in his 10th title defense. Someone just misspelled the name.

No longer a boulevard, it will be renamed later this month as Joe Louis Street.

FRIZZOOM OF THE MALLET

A few months ago Britain's Croquet Association applied to the government's Department of the Environment for a



grant of £1,000 to spread the word that croquet is a fascinating game. The department came through handsomely and now the association has money to spend on starting new clubs throughout England, with £500 going to two sports-minded ladies to tour the country with a "magic lantern" and color slides stressing the beauties of the game.

But not without a certain amount of flak. Bryan Lloyd-Pratt, editor of the *Croquet Gazette*, official organ of the association, took up his mallet and denounced the organization for accepting "taxpayers' money" from the government.

Further, he protested, the promotional plans include no provision against attracting morons and the unwashed to

the gentle game. The program, he noted, offers no assurance that it will bring to croquet "the sort of people, to put the matter bluntly, whom it will be a pleasure to meet at tournaments."

The Croquet Association now has given Editor Lloyd-Pratt the sack.

FOR WHOM THE JUG TOLLS

A dedicated duck hunter, Eben B. Thomas, guidance director at the Winthrop, Maine high school, has found a way to make decoys without all the labor and fuss of wood carving.

He puts together one of those bleach container jugs, a gallon milk carton, two pieces of wire, a lead weight and a bit of artistic painting. The result, in 15 minutes—a decoy that works.

Now he turns them out by the dozen, but there were difficulties along the way. His first creation flipped over and sank. The second was improved in this respect but a strong wind still made it lie on its side. The lead weight solved that problem.

The final touch was the result of an accident. Thomas' hunting companion stepped on the tail section of a decoy. But Thomas noticed that out on the water the squashed-tail decoy looked more realistic than the others and provided less wind resistance. Since then, success of his sheldrake and whistler tollers has been great.

SPORTING PARSON'S VIEW

During the week before the Texas Longhorns played Notre Dame in the Cotton Bowl, the signboard in front of the First Presbyterian Church in Dallas carried this message: GOD IS IMPARTIAL. WE ARE NOT. HOOK 'EM, HORNS.

POTTED PHEASANT

The Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs has undertaken a one-year study of methods that may be employed to eradicate marijuana in 11 Middle Western states where the weed grows wild. But game management men are concerned that the bureau may wind up eradicating more than marijuana. Any method of destruction so far devised, they say, would destroy nearly all other plants, too—including those that provide cover and food for wildlife.

"Spraying can cause serious problems for pheasants," Glenn Chambers, Missouri biologist, points out. "The birds

need cover for nesting in summer and also for protection from the elements in winter."

The dual nature of the problem has already been felt. Two Kansas men caught harvesting marijuana got one year for possession of the drug—and 30 days for destroying wildlife cover.

LADY OF THE FLIES

The British honors list was published with the New Year and contained the usual assortment of business leaders, government officials and artists. The artist we applaud most heartily is Miss Megan Boyd of Brora, Sutherland, Scotland, who won the British Empire medal. Miss Boyd ties salmon flies.

WOMEN'S LIE AGAIN

There is an old law in Auburn, Wash., probably rushed through with the repeal of Prohibition, which forbids music and entertainment, except for radios and jukeboxes, in taverns and cocktail lounges without a special license.

There is also a wife and mother in Auburn who cannot abide watching football games on television, which is what her husband and sons have been doing every weekend and Monday nights, too.

So she fumed angrily out of the house one night and visited four saloons. Every one of them had a football game tuned in.

The lady turned for help to Attorney Alva Long, who dug up the old law and is about to make trouble for the saloonkeepers of Auburn.

HARD LUCK, OLD CHAP

There was an upland gunner in Maine this hunting season who missed a chance at bagging a large pheasant. He had hurriedly slipped a chapstick into the chamber of his .410 shotgun.

THEY SAID IT

• Don Meredith, former Dallas Cowboy quarterback, on his future as a movie actor: "I could play the pilot in a war film who dropped his first bomb and it was incomplete. Or, more likely, intercepted."

• Jim Lindsey, Abilene Christian's record-setting passer, who stands 5' 11": "I guess I've talked to 18, maybe 20, pro scouts. They all tell me they wish I were 6' 2" or 6' 3". So do I, but there's not much I can do about it." **AND**

THE ONE-DAY SEASON

It began with a convulsion in Dallas as Notre Dame whipped No. 1 Texas, scorched on to Pasadena and Stanford's stunner over No. 2 Ohio State and climaxed in Miami, where No. 3 Nebraska became top dog **by DAN JENKINS**

It was, first of all, the day Darrell Royal either lost the meat on his Wishbone or found a Woo in his soup, a day when the Texas Longhorns, who had been No. 1, 1-a or 1-b since before the media bombarded Notre Dame with so many fumbles the Cotton Bowl looked like an Easter egg hunt for leprechauns. That was for all of you disaster fans.

It will also be remembered as the day Woody Hayes and his tank corps from Ohio State came down with a hard case of Plunkett's Disease, right there in the Pasadena birthplace of the great tankman himself, General George Patton, while the Nattering Nabobs of Novelty, as the Stanford band calls itself, made things even more embarrassing for the visitors from Middle America by cheekily serenading "the party school from Ohio" with an old jitterbug tune. That one was for all of you holocaust fans.

Ah, but finally the day will go down in college football history as certainly the greatest thing to happen to Nebraska since the Union Pacific started laying track out of Omaha. When it was all over last Friday night, when all of the funny hats, the whistles, the horns—and the remains of Steve Worster—had been scooped up off of the carpets, all that anyone from Texas or Ohio State could say was, well, here's to the New Year, all you good folks out there in Box Butte and Otoe and Gosper counties in Nebraska. Win streaks and Buckeye leaves are out. Corn husks are in.

And that one was for all of you starvation fans.

Naturally, this final explosion of the 1970 college season took a lot of doing by a lot of people. Not the least was Joe Theismann of Notre Dame, that

quick-footed, whippet-armed piece of wire in a golden hat gliding across the cover of this magazine. He started it all. In fact, it can almost be said that if it hadn't been for Theismann, last weekend would have been just another chapter in the continuing saga of the pitch-out. Good for Texas, of course. But bad for plot lovers who needed distractions from their holiday headaches.

What Theismann did was this: he got a second chance against Texas in Dallas, having lost to the Longhorns last year, and before the attention of the Texans was fully directed to the rematch, Theismann's arm and dancing feet had practically ended it. With a big and angry Notre Dame defense giving him the ball every two seconds or so, Joe passed for one touchdown and ran for two more in the game's first 16 minutes. After that, not even LBJ, sitting up near midfield in his burnt-orange shirt and his maxi hair, nor Texas' own quarterback, Eddie Phillips, who was struggling to be himself and Worster and Jim Bertelsen and some sort of Theismann all at the same time, could do much about the Longhorns' situation. Not this day.

The irony was stinging. Phillips would be voted the offensive star of the game, setting a total offense record (164 yards rushing, 199 passing), just as Theismann was a year ago, but Phillips would lose—like Joe a year ago. Little by little, then, the day began taking its weird shape. And along the way that Texas "Hook 'em" gesture would begin to justify the definition the rest of the Southwest Conference has for it: a nearsighted carpenter ordering four beers.

So it sank in on the believers of Saint Darrell. Texas was finally going to lose

a football game after winning 30 straight, and Royal was going to say, "I guess a defeat is good for you now and then, but I don't really recommend it."

Maybe everyone understood the lesson of Dallas and maybe not: Texas' loss to the bitterly eager and thoroughly deserving Irish was required if the day of the big bowls was to have any prolonged drama for the followers of Ohio State or Nebraska. The reason was that Texas had already captured 1½ regular-season No. 1s, those of the UPI (which the Longhorns won outright) and the Hall of Fame (for which the Longhorns tied Ohio State). Moreover, Texas held a big lead over Ohio State and Nebraska, in that order, for the remaining national championship awards, those of the AP and the Football Writers' Association. Thus there might never have been any suspense on Jan. 1, 1971 had Texas experienced about eight less fumbles and a little less Theismann.

Going in, Ohio State understood its problem: in Stanford and Jim Plunkett it seemed to have a less fierce opponent than anyone else—a team rated only No. 12 and with nothing to play for but fun, its hilarious band and the right arm of the Heisman Trophy. Another hohum Buckeye victory wouldn't mean much if Texas won again over so glamorous a foe as Notre Dame. And how could the Bucks get excited about Stanford? Especially since Woody wouldn't give them more than just a quick sniff of Disneyland, just like 1968. How?

continued

Getting revenge in Big D, Notre Dame's Elia sprawls to break up a pass; his mates stop Big Woo and Lerry Parker goos for an Irish pain.





ONE-DAY SEASON *continued*

Those closest to Texas or Ohio State might have known before the kickoff that neither team was ready to play its best of all possible games. When a couple of prominent Longhorns missed a Cotton Bowl awards dinner in midweek, for example, one of the Texas coaches mused, "I think we're having a mild attack of the No. 1's and the Double A's," the latter meaning the All-Americans, one presumed. Meanwhile, some Ohio State seniors were apparently so riled at Woody's concentration-camp preparations—he ordered ankles taped on the flight out, God's truth—it was rumored that they almost voted to come home before the game.

All of this, of course, was terrific for unbeaten but once-tied Nebraska, which had wound up No. 3 after the regular season. Down in Miami, Nebraska was rooting for the long-shot triple miracle which, indeed, occurred.

First, Joe Thesmann and Ara Parseghian's "mirror," or inverted defense, similar to the one UCLA had used to scare Texas, hooked the Horns by a score of 24-11. Then Jim Plunkett, a better passer than the Buckeyes had ever seen, did it to Ohio State by 27-17. And so in the daffy space of six hours it was all there for Nebraska. Everything. "It's all yours," Bob Devaney told his players. "All you have to do now is go out and win it."

Strangely, this same thing had happened to Nebraska five years ago. The Cornhuskers had wound up undefeated in the 1965 season, but so had Michigan State and Arkansas. Nebraska was No. 3 again. But Michigan State and Arkansas were upset in the Rose and Cot-



Destroying Ohio State, Superarm Jim Plunkett fires a pass past Superguard Jim Stoltwagen.



ton during the day, and there was Nebraska in the nighttime Orange Bowl against Alabama. But Nebraska lost.

This time, however, Nebraska wasn't facing a team like that Alabama outfit, and the Cornhuskers knew it, Nebraska could go out there and outscore stodgy LSU for sure, and finally it could show all those effete snobs with their magazines and networks, and all of those dummies who vote in the polls (except Bob Devaney, of course) just who had deserved to be No. 1 right along.

Nebraska did exactly this. Just when it seemed the Cornhuskers were trying to choke it away again, they steamed up a drive behind Jerry Tagge—hardly a household word in quarterbacks—for the 17-12 victory that hoisted the Cornhuskers all the way to the top.

They did it, essentially, by seizing on the gigantic momentum of the occasion. But it has to be said—to the outrage of both, one may be sure—that Nebraska had the extra good fortune to be confronted with an opponent that had somehow managed to discard offensive foot-

ball a short time after the center snap was invented. LSU plays rugged football on defense, but the interception and the punt return are closer to what the Tigers think of in terms of an attack than the push and the pass.

Before the game Nebraska's tough roverback, Dave Morock, was discussing the topic with SI's Pat Putnam. "LSU's offense?" said Morock. "Aw, they've got some kind of half-assed little draw play." Well, maybe a few other little bits and pieces, Nebraska had to come from behind to win, and in the wild last couple of minutes No. 1 was being booted around like the loose balls on the field.

In Dallas the defense that Notre Dame used to shut down Steve Worster with only 42 yards running, four fumbles and a busted nose and to close off Jim Bertelsen with only five yards will be discussed all spring as the heaven-sent answer to the triple option. It is a good defense, of course, especially when Notre Dame plays it, but was the one Royal expected—and the reason why

ronald



Randy Vataha fumbles into end zone with a Plunkett pass for the final Stanford touchdown.



Phillips had such a fine day running and passing. Parseghian decided to make Phillips a star, to take away the yards from Worster and Bertelsen, at any risk. Ara felt those two runners could control the ball for Texas. Worster, after all, had gained 155 yards on the Irish in the 1970 game.

"Texas wasn't noted for its passing," Parseghian said, "so we wanted them to try to pass, and we wanted to spread them out so they wouldn't have that lead blocker in the backfield. It worked—but it almost didn't."

And Royal said, "Our opportunities were there. We didn't get beat so bad that we didn't have our opportunities. Their inverted defense didn't cause us to rushside those kickoffs and punts. I've never said the Wishbone offense won a football game. Angry people win football games, and Notre Dame was angrier than we were."

An indication that it wasn't Texas' day came on its first series of plays. Phillips cut away for 63 yards, and it looked like another wonderful afternoon for all the Texas statisticians. But Texas only got a field goal as Bertelsen fumbled a wide pichout on what would have been a walk-in touchdown. It was the first of nine Texas fumbles. Some of them might have been caused by Notre Dame's hard-hitting, but some of them weren't.

Thereafter, Steve Worster started fumbling—often on first down—and Notre Dame got so far up on the scoreboard, 18 points, that Texas could never afford, really, that next mistake which always seemed to be on the verge of happening.

Intriguingly, it worked out that both coaches were right in their guesswork. Parseghian made the good defensive move, and Royal made the good offensive preparations. In between was Joe Theismann getting the points that mattered, and that was the real difference.

Theismann did his usual thing of hitting Tom Gatewood—on a beautifully open 26-yarder for a touchdown—and then he did his keeper things, once for three yards and the last time on a 15-yard scot around his right end which saw him dance, crawl and wiggle the last fantastic eight steps, barely staying

in bounds and flashing beneath a whole row of orange jerseys.

"We ran good enough to keep 'em honest," Joe said. "If you can't run on Texas, you're in trouble." It was, he said, the happiest day of his life in three weeks—or since he got married.

The Rose Bowl will probably rank as the happiest day in Jim Plunkett's life—until he signs his pro contract. He may be worth whatever sum he can bargain for. More than any discontent among the Buckeyes, who in three weeks weren't allowed to meet the press long enough to ask if any wars had ended in the world, it was Plunkett's arm that beat Ohio State.

Hitting 20 passes for 265 yards, he put more pressure on the Jack Tatum and Jim Stillwagons than they had ever known about, and Stanford just kept scoring and threatening. And the Stanford football team has as much fun as the Nattering Nabobs of Novocity. The Indians laughed in workouts, went out on the town continually and, as Billy Reed reported, whooped and hollered when they heard Woody had said at one point, "If we win it on the ground, what better place to do it than where the greatest tank commander of all was born—the great General George Patton."

In its raging moment of stress, Ohio State uncharacteristically panicked. After Plunkett had put Stanford ahead by 20-17, there were still 10 minutes left to play, plenty of time for the Buckeyes to move like the tanks they are. So Rex Kern threw an interception dead in the hands of Jack Schultz, a kid who grew up in the Pasadena area just like Patton. And Stanford got the ball at the Ohio State 25, and Plunkett hit Randy Vataha for another touchdown, this being the West Coast version of Theismann to Gatewood.

Schultz had never seen a Rose Bowl game until last Friday. "I always wondered what went on in there," he said. "Now I know."

Nebraska got to watch the Cotton Bowl on television and see the demise of the Longhorns. They marked it at 5:01, Miami time. Later, they were in their dressing room, getting ready to come out for the kickoff with LSU, when they heard the Rose Bowl final. They marked it at 8:07, Miami time. Bob Devaney told the squad, "There it is." And Quarterback Jerry Tagge, who despite

a 63% completion average for the season, is neither Plunkett nor Theismann and often shares his job with another player, Van Brownson, nevertheless said, "Let's go get it."

The Cornhuskers literally howled onto the field, and in a very short time Tagge had howled them in for a 10-point lead. It looked then as if it might be a laugh. LSU's Buddy Lee explained later that this was because, "We weren't very interested in the first half."

LSU got interested in the second half, and with some surprising success at passing and whatever kind of draw play Nebraska's Dave Morock decided it was, the Tigers clawed out a 12-10 lead through the third quarter. By now at least a few Nebraska fans had to be thinking about five years before.

But not Tagge or his alternating tailback threats of Joe Orduña and Jeff Kinney. Which brings up the fact that Nebraska seems to have a lot of positions with four legs and four arms and two heads. Quarterback and tailback, for example. Tagge didn't shuttle with Brownson on the big drive, however; Devaney let Jerry handle it. "I don't really like to switch until one of 'em has the game won or gets stopped," Devaney explained.

Tagge would win the game. He took Nebraska 67 yards for the touchdown—maybe the most glorious 67 yards Nebraska ever would drive. He sent Orduña inside, and he went outside himself. He passed to Dan Schaeuss and Johnny Rodgers. He ran again. And again. And he passed to Kinney—a big one, 17 yards, to the LSU five. Kinney ran for three, and Tagge for one. Finally they were one yard away.

Jerry Tagge sneaked for the score, leaning forward after being met, stretching out the ball with his hands. As he held the ball up there in that heap, Nebraska considered itself No. 1, and on the basis of the won-lost evidence among the major contenders, it is hard to disagree.

People will. Oh, will they. Texas . . . Ohio State . . . Notre Dame . . . even Stanford will say that on those given days football minds refer to—and on quite a number of them—they were the best team in the country. But on the given day which mattered the most, Nebraska, the forgotten team, taking advantage of some quaint circumstances, can say it last. And loudest. **END**

Clothing No. 1 for the Cornhuskers, Jerry Tagge lunges body and ball over All-America defender Mike Anderson for winning score.

WITNESSES FOR THE DEFENSE

With a pair of exceedingly physical wins the Cowboys and Colts rode hard into the Super Bowl, where Dallas' horde of demon defenders will try to stop a well-aged—but hardly mellow—John Unitas **by** **TEX MAULE**

The Dallas Cowboys finally won the big game. After four years of frustration they defeated the San Francisco 49ers 17-10 to become champions of the National Football Conference and earn a first-class ride to Miami, where they will play an ex-NFL team, the Baltimore Colts, in the Super Bowl.

For the last two years the Cowboys have played in Miami in the defunct Playoff Bowl. "Everybody called it the Nothing Bowl and the Losers' Bowl," said Bob Hayes after Dallas won the title. "I guess it was. I used to enjoy that game, though, because it was kind of like a vacation. But this one will be better."

The Cowboys beat the 49ers much as they beat Detroit the week before in the first round of the playoffs; their offense was based on brutal, precise blocking that cleared routes for Duane Thomas, Walt Garrison and Claxton Welch, and their defense shut off John Brodie. It wasn't pretty football, but it was an impressive exhibition of raw power.

The Cowboys gained 319 yards, 229 of them on the ground, mostly on quick pitchouts that enabled Thomas, who accounted for 143 yards on 27 carries, to turn the 49er flanks. The majority of these gains were something less than spectacular, but then Tom Landry eschewed the spectacular at the beginning of the season, preferring the battering-ram tactics used so successfully for years by Vince Lombardi and the Green Bay Packers. On this bright Sunday in Kezar Stadium, Landry made his point.

"We don't do anything very different," said Craig Morton. "Our offense was based on what they did about Hayes. If the backs were dropping off to cover him we planned to run, and they dropped off all afternoon. I thought they might adjust at the half, but they didn't, at least not much. So we ran, and Duane is a great runner and we have great block-

ers in front of him. If they had come up to meet the run, then I would have gone to Hayes or our other receivers."

Hayes didn't catch a pass, but he wasn't unhappy. "They gave me every kind of coverage you can use," he said. "Double teams, even triple, and all kind of zones, but that meant I was loosening them up for the run. I could have caught that long ball in the third quarter. I had my hands ready for it, but the defensive back flat ran over me."

That play preceded the second Dallas touchdown, the one that won the game. The interference call was on Mel Phillips, the 49er safety, and it gave Dallas a first down on the San Francisco five-yard line. From there Morton passed to Garrison for the touchdown, one of the seven (of 22) passes he completed. The score put the Cowboys ahead 17-3. Against some teams you might trail by two touchdowns with a quarter and a third to play and feel you had a chance. Against the Cowboys, with a defense which at this point hadn't given up a touchdown in 24 quarters, the score put an end to the 49ers' gold rush.

True, Brodie completed 19 of 40 passes for 246 yards and one touchdown, to Dick Witcher in the third period, but the 49ers never came close to dominating the game, and Brodie's big backs—Ken Willard and Doug Cunningham—were able to gain only 56 yards. The Dallas defense is a complicated one, but it is predicated on the same thing that animates the offense—physical strength.

"We played the same defenses we've played all year," said Middle Linebacker Lee Roy Jordan. "We didn't do anything different because the defenses have always been good. Sometimes we just didn't execute them very well. I or the last few years we seem to have had a pattern of playing four or five good games in a row and then relaxing. Then something

happens like the St. Louis game [The Cardinals won it 38-0.] After that one we got together and decided that we wouldn't want to lose a game to be reminded we have to work hard."

Jordan made two big defensive plays. The first led to the touchdown that put Dallas ahead 10-3. Brodie had dropped back from his 14 to pass and he sent Willard ereching over the center of the line. "Brodie is great at 'looking' you off the receiver," Jordan said. "In the coverage we were in I don't have a specific man. He was dropping back and I was drifting to the weak side and he looked that way once. Then he looked to the strong side, and I started to move back that way. I could see Larry Cole coming in hard on him and I think Larry had me from him, because the ball seemed to come right out of the top of Larry's helmet. I'm sure if John had seen me in the zone he wouldn't have thrown. He had to hurry to throw and it was short and low and I caught it right off the ground." He grinned and added, "Just great hands, I guess."

The second big play killed whatever slight chance San Francisco had. From his own 39 Brodie was trying to complete the same pattern. This time Cole wasn't putting pressure on him and he hit Willard over the middle, but Jordan hit Willard at the same time, knocking the ball loose. It was a fourth-down play and it gave the Cowboys the ball with 2:10 left in the game.

"Up until this year we have always had a soft spot at right cornerback," Jordan continued. "It was a position we had to try to protect. But now we have the two best cornerbacks in the business, and with Mel Renfro on the right we don't have anything to worry about." The other cornerback is Herb Adderley, who played that position with distinction for Green Bay. "I think Minnesota got

continued



DUANE THOMAS

Since Dallas' passing is erratic, the rookie running back, here pulling free from 48er Jim Johnson to score, was the team's prime mover.



bent a week ago by concentrating too much on Gene Washington," said Jordan. "They had double coverage on him all the time, but today we let either one of the corners take him alone now and then. On Mel's interception, he had Washington alone."

This interception set up the second Cowboy touchdown. Brodie lofted a long pass down the sideline for Washington, but Renfro shadowed him step for step, jumped, turned and intercepted the ball back on the Cowboys' 19, returning it 19 yards. From there, Morton went mainly to Thomas. The Cowboys would line up with two receivers on one side, send a back in motion to the other side and Morton would flip the ball to Thomas going to the side away from the receivers. In order to get coverage on the receivers, the 49ers rotated their deep defense toward them, so that when Thomas came around the flank, no one was very close to him. The Cowboys ran this play or variations 19 times and got 90 key yards, and they used it to such good effect that when they gave the 49ers its look and did something else, as at the end of this drive, it worked for 13 yards and the touchdown.

This time Thomas started to his right with the pitch, then cut back sharply. The San Francisco defense, indoctrinated in the belief that once he began to sweep, he would continue, sprinted toward the sideline, and Thomas planted his right foot and slanted to his left. He got three crisp blocks and lunged over.

For one of the Cowboys, the journey to the Super Bowl is an old story. Herb Adderley has been there twice. He came to Dallas this year after complaining that the Packer coaches didn't support him strongly enough last year to get him a bid to play in the Pro Bowl. When he was traded he said for publication, "I would like to thank the Packers for trading me to a Super Bowl team." After St. Louis walloped the Cowboys, Adderley got an unsigned telegram from Green Bay saying, "You're welcome."

Adderley smiled as he told the story. "This has been a very satisfying season for me," he said. "After that St. Louis game we decided that we had to have fun playing football. If you don't have fun, what's the point in going out there? So we had fun. I feel very good about this win, but I won't say I feel better than I did after the big wins at Green Bay. I'll feel that way after the Super Bowl, if we win."

After the Cowboys play the Baltimore Colts, he should feel better than ever.



TO KILL A MEMORY THAT STILL HURTS

by ROBERT F. JONES

Like a fine old wine, Johnny Unitas travels well. Not only has the 37-year-old Baltimore quarterback endured for 15 years without going flat, but last Sunday he concluded a season-long journey from the National Football League to the American with one of his finest games. Mixing up a heady concoction of equal parts of Norm Bulaich and Eddie Hinton, Unitas stoned the Oakland Raiders 27-17 and gave the Colts an American Conference championship to go along with three earlier NFL titles. But the basic ingredient was Johnny U. himself. "I've never seen No. 19 play better," said Raider Coach John Madden.

Nor, for the moment at least, had the 56,368 fans who bellowed their approval in Baltimore's red brick Memorial Stadium. The scene was as rugged as an old football player's profile. Not a blade of grass on the dun, dusky field—"the Dirt Bowl," Colt Coach Don McCafferty called it. Mounds of hard snow filled the end zones, gray from Baltimore's omnipresent smog even on a day of clear skies and no wind. Signs festooned the stands—KILL, BUBBA, KILL and LOVE OUR COLTS and LEAKY ROOF? CALL LIBERTY ROOFING. Oakland's porous secondary should have taken the advice. The original Raider himself, Managing

continued





JOHN UNITAS

"I'm not used to being the youngest quarterback on the field," he said. Youth had its flip, like the TD (above left) to Ray Perkins.

GEORGE BLANDA

He ran out of miracles—being intercepted three, once by Ray May (right)—but not with: "What will I do? I'm going to cry a lot."





EDDIE HINTON

"Catching the ball is nothing but having confidence that you're going to do it," said the Colts' top receiver. Oooh! This one got away.



General Partner Al Davis, had a premonition of what might be coming before the game. "So those are the Colts," he mused as they poured onto the field. "I hate the Colts. Just getting this far isn't enough. We've got to beat them."

For the past three years Oakland has won the Western Division championship of the AFL and gone no farther. Baltimore's last championship try was against the Jets in the 1969 Super Bowl, though nobody in town likes to recall that day. "God, that memory hurts," said Carroll Rosenbloom, the Colts' contentious owner. "But maybe it toughened us. I used to puke before every game and now I don't anymore." Indeed, in the moments before the opening kickoff, Rosenbloom was—well—blooming with good cheer. "Hey," he said to Al Davis, who was watching a redheaded teen-ager throwing back practice field-goal balls. "That kid throws better than any of our quarterbacks." Davis snuffed. "Oh, yeah?" The kid was Al's son, but you got the distinct impression he would prefer a Unitas.

Still, almost anyone would have been more effective than Daryle Lamonica during his brief first-half appearance. Daryle, the notorious bomb thrower, completed only one of four passes, and that for just six yards, before he pulled a groin muscle and retired for the afternoon. His successor, George Blanda, had a fine day passing—17 of 32 for 271 yards—but the old magician found the hat empty when it came to last-minute sorcery. Magie rarely works when the Colt defense is clicking, as it was on Sunday. Jerry Logan, Rick Volk and Ray May picked off three Blanda passes, all of them crucial turnovers. "Early in the game we were emphasizing coverage on Ray Chester, their tight end," said Middle Linebacker Mike Curtis. "Later they were throwing into the zone and we were able to pick off a few."

The first half was relatively lackluster. The Colts scored first on a 16-yard field goal by rookie Jim O'Brien, the lad who beat out Lou Michaels. A little back-and-forth ensued in which Colts were getting open but dropping passes—then a break. Raider George Atkinson dropped a towering David Lee punt, and Sam Havrilak, a reserve Baltimore back, recovered on the Oakland 45. Unitas promptly zipped one to Hinton on the two-yard line, and Bulach, the rookie from TCU, punched in for the touch-

down. Blanda struck back, aided by a roughing-the-kicker penalty, and kicked a 48-yard field goal.

Baltimore had controlled the ball throughout the first half—indeed, Oakland didn't get a first down until their third play of the second quarter—but when Blanda & Co. returned to the field a feeling of insecurity began to imbue the Colts. "We were just waiting for the Cinderella finish," admitted John Mackey, the tight end. "The Cinderella man was in there and his trucks were working." Pushing for the touchdown that tied the score at 10-10, Blanda used all the tricks up his voluminous sleeve. Hitting Warren Wells and Fred Biletnikoff, he flooded the Baltimore zones deep and short, eye-faked defenders out of their coverage and generally made nineties of the Colts in a nine-play, 80-yard drive, which ended with a 38-yard pass to Biletnikoff.

This was when the old Baltimore fold-over could have set in, but the Colts sucked in their guts and hit back. "The team had been inordinately quiet," said Punter Lee. "It was almost spooky." Bill Curry, the center, noted it, too. "Intensity," he said. "Maybe even a tangible sense of unity. I could feel it in the locker room, on the sidelines, even in the hotel room last night."

It erupted first in a march that led to a go-ahead, 23-yard field goal, O'Brien's second. Next were the dazzling moves—little down-and-ins or crossing patterns—of Hinton, the burly second-year receiver from Oklahoma. All told, he snagged five passes for 115 yards, one a diving sideline catch that opened the 65-yard drive to the Colts' second touchdown. Bulach capped it with a quasi-Statue of Liberty sweep of 11 yards. McCafferty, in his first season as a head coach, had been the butt of jokes around the league for his "high school" plays, one or two of which he would slip into the repertoire every week. He has the last laugh, however. They really work.

With the score 20-10 Colts, Blanda struck again at the start of the fourth quarter, this time working Chester and Wells, Wells catching—but barely—a 15-yard pass thrown into the seam for a touchdown. That triggered a barrage of snowflakes from the stands, the fans being under the impression that Wells didn't have possession of the ball when he crossed the goal line. They were wrong, as usual.

Now it was time for a little Unitas

magic. With both Mackey and his backup, Tom Mitchell, hampered by injuries, Unitas set Ray Perkins—usually a wide receiver—at tight end. This sowed confusion in the Raider secondary. To further complicate matters, Jimmy Orr, another wide receiver, was in for Bulach, Hinton and Jefferson remained at their normal positions, giving Baltimore four—count 'em, four—wide receivers. With third and 11 from the Colt 32—a traditional situation for a Unitas bomb—Orr went deep, drawing off Strong Safety George Atkinson, who should have been watching Perkins. That worthy ran a pattern around Nemah Wilson (in as a fifth defensive back)—a route that looks, on paper at least, like a giant question mark. "It was bump-and-run," recalled Perkins. "And Wilson expected me to make a sharp outside cut for the first down. Instead, I kept going." Wilson moved out, then in, like a man in a revolving door. Unitas laid the pass right into Perkins' hands and he galloped 68 yards for the clinching touchdown. It was another of McCafferty's weekly specials—this one having the descriptive title of Double Bow-Out pattern.

"It was an uneasy win," McCafferty admitted. "The only breath I took was with 29 seconds left." With a big grin on his old-shoe face, he added, "It was just great. Amen to that." Rosenbloom could only agree. "This game kicks the genius coach theory into a cocked hat," he said with a scarcely veiled reference to Don Shula, the Baltimore coach who was lured to Miami. "What did Mac do? He only took a team that looked like nothing last year, a team riddled with dissension and often hurt this season, and turned it into a champion. Here's a man who has no inner sanctum, no pretensions, no assistants—only associates. Everyone gets the credit but McCafferty. He is just a splendid man. What's more, he brought fun back into the game of football for me."

And not just for Rosenbloom. Bulach, whose 71 yards in 22 carries and two touchdowns was the game's best running performance, was wearing a grin of his own when the gun sounded. "How do you like that?" he said dazedly. "A rookie, and I'm in the Super Bowl." Norm, of course, was not at Miami two years ago. Those Colts who were realize full well that the name of the season is three good games, back to back to back.

END

IT WAS A BRIEF TIME-OUT

All those Boston Celtic haters had fun for a while, but the party is over

by PETER CARRY



Caught in a switch, the Warriors' smaller Jeff Mullins couldn't stop Dave Cowens' hook.

Part of the usual decor for basketball games in Boston Garden was missing on New Year's Eve. The Celtics' 11 world championship banners, reminders of Boston's dominance of the NBA during Bill Russell's 13-year career, were reeled to the bare girders in the arena ceiling. Their absence was brief, a concession to the ice show scheduled to go on shortly after the Celts' game with the Warriors, in spirit, however, those banners have been furled ever since Russell's retirement 18 months ago. And Celtic haters, their numbers large in both leagues among players and coaches whose careers were frustrated by the Boston hegemony, doubtlessly have savored every moment that the flags have hung merely as tokens of nostalgia.

But just as the disappearance of the banners was only an illusion, so the eclipse of the Celtics, that pleasant period avidly anticipated by their victims, has turned into a fleeting affair, almost a mirage.

There are new Celtics now. Although they are not yet good enough to rekindle the animosity directed at their predecessors, these Celts have already gained the respect of the rest of the league after only one season far down in the NBA standings. Led by John Havlicek, who is enjoying his best year with 29 points per game after suddenly becoming his team's old man, and by redheaded Center Dave Cowens, who is likely to

become Rookie of the Year, Boston is back in the business of fighting for a place in the playoffs. The Celtics are not apt to win any banners this spring, even if they do edge Philadelphia for the second playoff position in the Atlantic Division, but it may not be too long before they add some new decorations to their ceiling.

Except for Havlicek, none of the present Celtics started on the last championship team, in fact, none of them were in the starting lineup even a year ago. Guard Jo Jo White was in the Marines then but has now been elected to the NBA East All-Star team in his first season as a starter. Don Chaney, who was graduated from Houston two years ago with a reputation for defensive skill, has developed strong moves to the basket, making him Boston's toughest driver on the fast break. Steve Kuberski, a 6'8" forward, was so impressive as a rookie last season that the Celtics gave up Bailey Howell in the expansion draft.

"Last year people really stuck it to us whenever they could," Coach Tom Heinsohn said last week, "but by last summer I knew we'd have a good team, probably next year. I figured we might jell about the middle of this year."

The Celtics jelled much earlier than that, winning 10 straight during December to push ahead of Philadelphia. The main reason was Cowens, the 6'9" 230-pounder who was the fourth player

picked in the college draft last spring. Before the season began Heinsohn was not sure whether the big rookie would be a center or a forward, which matches the unpredictable quality of Cowens' own style.

To start with, he was a swimmer, not a basketball player, in high school at Newport, Ky. Competing in the 100-yard backstroke and the 200-yard freestyle, Cowens remembers finishing as high as second once for a team that never had won a meet. He decided to take up basketball in his junior year, since his chances for development in swimming seemed rather limited. "We had a coach who didn't know how to swim, so whenever he'd try to work us too hard we'd threaten to throw him in the pool," he said.

When he graduated from high school Cowens was not good enough to receive so much as a glance from Adolph Rupp at Kentucky. He went to Florida State, where he improved mightily, attracting crowds of pro scouts and almost no one else. In his junior and senior years at FSU the Seminoles played brilliantly, but the only notice they received came when the school was twice put on NCAA probation. The team was ineligible for tournaments, and Cowens got about as much general attention as he would have if he had remained a swimmer. Last summer he began learning how to play forward in playground leagues



in Boston while doing research at Harvard on, among other things, the electric chair, to fulfill some of the requirements he must meet to receive his degree in criminology. Along the way, he passed up the opportunity to become basketball's counterpart to baseball's Hank Aaron or hockey's Derek Sanderson. Boston youngsters like their sports heroes to swing, preferably with a bachelor pad near Kenmore Square and frequent appearances in the company of the best-looking stewardesses, whose habitat is the hip watering holes of that area. Cowens, whose mouth naturally forms a sardonic snarl that is enhanced by his long, bright red hair, does his swinging low-visibility style, most often at the house he has rented 20 miles out in the suburbs or at bars

that feature country-and-western music.

He started Boston's first two games at forward, then was moved to center. His best spot in the pros ultimately will be as a cornerman, but he has been the season's most effective rookie, even though he is playing out of position. Defensively, he has difficulty controlling 7-foot rivals, but otherwise his game is sound. He has averaged 17 points, and his rebounding has regenerated the Celtic fast break that fizzled badly last year.

Havlicek remarked on this recently. "I'm scoring more, partially because I'm playing more," he said. "But another reason is that our fast break is working. I'm getting the ball closer to the basket and getting better percentage shots. Dave's responsible. He's getting the ball and throwing it out quickly."

During Boston's win streak, the fast break was working as well as any in the NBA, but the comfortable lead the team had built up over Philadelphia disappeared when it lost seven of the next 11 games, most of them during one of the longest road trips in Celtic history. Erratic rookies are perhaps harder for an ex-Celtic-player-turned-coach to understand than they would be for most other people, and Heinsohn, who describes himself as "a not very calm person," has had a sour disposition of late. But in a decidedly calm moment between games last week he explained what the Celtics must do if they are to make the playoffs this season, at least a year ahead of his schedule and long before many non-Celts had hoped they would.

"They aren't pros yet emotionally," said Heinsohn. "They get too high on their successes and too far down over losses. They need to get used to traveling, to playing one night, getting up very early the next morning, flying to another city and playing again that night. Rookies don't think; they're all enthusiasm. We've lost several games on dumbness even though we looked like we had control of the situation. Things like defense and what to do in a close game can be pounded into their heads during practice, but it's no good until they've encountered the same situation over and over in games."

Says Havlicek, "I was always considered the youthful Celtic, the eternal rookie. Now I'm the oldest man on the team. Playing with a young team is great sometimes, but sometimes it's the other way around. We can't turn it on and

off when we need to like the old Celtics. We felt we were so good that it was a mistake when we lost."

Heinsohn, who is one of nine former Celtics now coaching at college or the pros (excluding ex-coach Russell, who could have a job simply by mentioning he would like one), is trying to teach his new players the old Boston system. The plays are almost all the same ones that Red Auerbach installed years ago, and the Celtic offense is still based on running at every opportunity. Two major differences are that the defense no longer tries to funnel opponents into the middle, even though Cowens is a good shot blocker, and all five players go for defensive rebounds instead of just one or two. Both adjustments have been made simply because Russell is no longer in there.

In Boston's two games last week the young Celtics showed the worst and the best of their efforts to adapt to the old style. They lost to San Francisco by 38 points and dropped out of second place as even Havlicek played poorly. Cowens was unable to control the Warriors' two tough rebounders, Nate Thurmond and Jerry Lucas, and sat out half the game.

On New Year's Day, after a heavy snowfall, Heinsohn gathered his players for a workout at a secluded gym in suburban Brookline. Once again they were told how to use their hands on defense to control an offensive player. Several, including Cowens, were warned—not for the first time this year—never to fall back on defense with their heads down.

The next night, in Philadelphia, the Celtics did not look as if they needed any lessons as they regained second place with a 125-120 victory. Chaney, the reputed nonshooter, scored 24 points, hitting 11 of 16 shots from the floor. Cowens played his best game as a pro, scoring 29 points and grabbing 19 rebounds, two of them Russell-like individual efforts in the fourth period that checked Teer rallies.

"We can't keep explaining that we've got a lot of rookies and we're going to make mistakes," said Dove. "We've got to learn to travel and to play together, especially at the end of close games when everyone tends to go one-on-one because he thinks he can do it all by himself." It sounded suspiciously like that old Celtic philosophy. With a little execution there would be some more banner days in Boston. **END**

TESTAMENT OF A SAMURAI

by YUKIO MISHIMA

Yukio Mishima, who committed seppuku, a grisly and ritual act of suicide, last November, was a literary figure of massive proportions in Japan. His novels, plays and articles were the most influential and brilliant in his nation's postwar era. Beyond his prose works, Mishima was also a sensitive poet, an accomplished actor and—at the age of 45—a superbly conditioned athlete. Many characterized him as a kind of Japanese Renaissance man. To find a literary hero of comparable scale in the United States one must look to the death of Ernest Hemingway, a man Mishima resembled in many philosophical ways.

His theme, like Hemingway's, was heavy with no-

tions of honor, strength and man's destiny. In Mishima's view, Japan since World War II had failed its destiny, and the crushing imperatives of this realization led to his final frustration and bizarre death. Toward the end of his life his preoccupation with Japanese nationalism and a return to spiritual values seemed to marry a tragic aberration.

Shortly before he died *Sports Illustrated* asked Mishima to discuss his views on physical fitness and his experiences in sport. In the following article, translated by Michael Gallagher, Mishima gives a down-to-earth account of how fitness changed his life, and he relates this to the ideas that became central to his philosophy.

If there has ever been anything that has set me apart from other people, it was the inferiority complex about my own physique that I developed as a young boy. I was weak and frail, and there was nothing at all about my body I could be happy about or take pride in. To make matters worse, my youthful environment had none of the literary atmosphere that would have pumpered my weakness but was conditioned by the background of World War II. Every day offered me countless examples that one had to be strong because there was no pity to waste upon the weak. And the harshness of my environment persisted in altered form even after the war was over, with the added element of American sensuality that deepened my inferiority complex and made my misery more acute.

I was not deformed or especially prone to sickness. It was mainly a matter of my being skinny and having a bad stomach. Soon after I had started to make my way as a writer I became painfully aware that this unnatural and unhealthy pursuit was going to make my plight still worse. I began to have a keen sense of mortality, fearing I might become a total wreck before I reached 30. I had done some horseback riding in school, and now my concern caused me to take this up again and also to set up a crossbar in my backyard, from which I duly swung. Neither effort did me much good.

In the summer of my 30th year I discovered the discipline of body building. During the course of a trip to the Uni-

ted States I had heard something about the sport, but I was sure it was a technique that would never be of any use to me. In that not-to-be-forgotten summer of 1955, however, I came across a picture in a magazine of the physical culture club of Waseda University, with an accompanying sentence that riveted my attention. "Anyone at all could develop a similar physique." I quickly got in touch with Hiroshi Tamari, the Waseda coach.

We had our first conversation in the lobby of the Nikkai Hotel, where Tamari was able to astound me with the feat of so rapping his chest muscles that their activity was apparent even beneath his shirt. And when he insisted that "you yourself will be able to do the same thing someday," I put myself under his guidance.

Tamari came to my house three times a week. I bought some barbells and an exercise bench, and so began unwittingly to amuse my friends and provide cartoons with material for years to come. Though I by no means overdid my exercises, during this first period all sorts of physical disabilities came along to aggravate the normal pain that was part of the initiation. My tonsils became chronically swollen and a light fever persisted. I even went in for X rays. Some friends, at my eager urging, embarked on body building with me at this time, but all of them gave it up before the first month was over, precisely because of this initial agony that had to be undergone. What sustained me was the re-

alization that day by day I was growing in strength. It is a kind of joy that is peculiarly elemental.

If one takes up body building at about 20, when the muscles are most suited for development and the bones themselves have not reached their maximum growth, the results can be spectacular. At 30, however, I had a massive handicap to overcome. Nonetheless, after no more than a year my body had so developed that I could hardly believe my eyes. I saw the apparently miraculous proof of what the flesh, which had seemed in my youth so unresponsive to the spirit in which all my dependence lay, had now been able to accomplish under the force of that spirit. And after a full year had passed, I suddenly realized one day that the stomach disorder that had harassed me for so long was gone, like something I had put down somewhere and forgotten.

Before this first year was over I had come under the tutelage of a remarkable man named Tomoe Suzuki. He was middle-aged and had been a gym instructor in the navy. His vocabulary was strikingly colorful, and he was ever buoyant and exuberant. He was also intensely didactic, and he would brook no word that ran counter to his somewhat heretical dogma of physical culture. According to Suzuki, one should avoid any exercise that tightened the muscles, concentrating on those that stretched them and made them limber. And so it was that in Suzuki's gym I found my self confronted with the Imperial Navy exercises

I had once suffered through in high school. But now when I performed these calisthenics, I felt—if I might boast just a little—tears of joy in my eyes. Suzuki's influence upon me was profound. His slogan of "exercises for everyday life" became mine.

Suzuki made much of his belief in the link between body and spirit. He had an instructor assisting him at the gym, and as this young man was leading a group in calisthenics one day Suzuki pointed at him and admonished me in these terms: "See, Mr. Mishima, take a good look. In a sound body you'll find a sound spirit. Look at the perfect suppleness of his body, the dexterity of his movements. There's a real human person for you."

As it happened, the model youth later absconded with the weekly receipts of the gym. Even now I have to smile every time I recall Suzuki's sour expression when I joked with him afterward about a sound body ensuring a sound mind.

Nevertheless, I have done a great deal of thinking about the interrelationship

of body and mind. As a writer I really must have a mind that is not altogether healthy in order to produce my books. And yet could I not best safeguard this necessary disorder by keeping my flesh in the best possible shape? I must delve into elements of the human condition that are unpleasant in every way. So, perhaps, just as when one lowers himself down into the depths of a well, he is relatively safe only if the sides of that well are hewed from good, solid stone.

In the course of this first year of training, then, the confidence I had in my own body increased immeasurably. I was sure I had succeeded in smashing through the barrier that had for so long cut me off from the world of sport. I was now ready to plunge into it, beside myself with eagerness. I finally decided to take up boxing.

Tomoo Kojima, the coach of the Nippon University boxing team, was the man I went to in the early autumn of 1956, a year after my athletic career had begun. Kojima's character was quite different from Suzuki's. He was sincere and quietly earnest, shunning all verbal dis-

play. His life was dedicated to boxing. He did not drink. He did not smoke. He cherished his family. And he allowed himself nothing that he forbade the young men who trained under his care. In the literary world I had the reputation of being rather severe with myself, but compared to the preternatural austerity practiced by Kojima, I conducted myself like an unbridled wastrel.

I joined the training camp of the Nippon University boxing team to work out with them, and while at camp I kept up my weight lifting to maintain the tone of my arm and chest muscles.

We were housed in an old and dirty building. The odor of the toilet encroached upon the shower rooms. Trunks and sweatshirts were draped over the ring ropes. Torn punching bags hung from the ceiling. Of such stuff, I reflected, were sports epics made. All these props symbolized a kind of barbaric elegance I had not previously experienced.

Once training began, there was no time for elegance of any sort. The rounds were three minutes, with a 30-second rest period, and the student boxers had

continued



RITE OF SEPPUKU IS PLAYED OUT ON THE SCREEN BEHIND MISHIMA IN "PATRIOTISM," A PROPHECIC MOVIE HE MADE IN 1955

to spar for at least nine rounds in accordance with Kojima's training program. And then the remainder of the time was devoted to jumping rope, working out with the medicine ball, punching the heavy bag and shadowboxing. During the first day of this I thought every minute my breath was going to give out, but my earlier training had taught me I would become used to this sort of hardship, too. By the third day I felt myself starting to become accustomed to the rigorous drills.

I will never forget the excitement I felt the first time I entered the ring for a sparring session. The truth was that my first adversary was Kojima himself, and he took it extremely easy on me. Though I was formidable enough to look at, stepping into the ring, I took little pride in the headgear, which felt so strange, and the heavy gloves, which stirred so odd a sensation. After I put them on I gave my chin a light tap, and the coach laughed beside me. "That's what everybody does the first time," he said. When I heard this I felt an extravagant happiness at the thought that I had become, after all, without my realizing it, not too much different from other men who liked sports.

Once the sparring began, the three-minute round seemed to stretch on into eternity. Kojima pressed his attack, and in sidestepping and retreating, my legs quickly lost their response and dragged leadenly. At the first session one round completely finished me. The second time I lasted two rounds, but in the course of the second my knee gave way beneath me, and down I went. I had begun to realize what were the limits to the endurance of my 30-year-old body. But I took satisfaction in being able to learn them on my own.

During my first or my second sparring session a novelist friend visited the camp with an eight-millimeter movie camera and captured my wretched performance on film. Sometime later, when the literary crowd gathered at my house, he showed his film to a mambo accompaniment, to the hilarity of all. And, indeed, my on-screen figure making its desperate evasive actions to the Latin rhythm seemed like something out of a cartoon.

In the course of the next few weeks I gradually got to know various men in the boxing world, and Kojima would sometimes take me to the gyms of pro-

fessional boxers for workouts. On one of these occasions a sportswriter made a proposal to Kojima: "Why not enter Mishima in a preliminary bout?" Kojima, who had admonished me never to box in a serious bout, vehemently refused. But even now the memory of that invitation rests in my mind, together with an invitation made to me right after the war to join the Communist Party. These are the two most dazzlingly seductive, if unlikely, temptations ever put before me.

I tasted the rigors of boxing for a year before giving it up. My main reason for so doing at last was the realization that the thoroughgoing practice of this sport was beyond me. What I practice now is kendo, the form of samurai swordsmanship involving the use of the blunt Japanese lance known as the *shinai*. The combatants, in their formal armor and with their cries echoing back through the centuries, are symbols of an era now gone. Because I have not had opportunity enough to master its fine points, I acknowledge that my kendo form leaves much to be desired, but it is the sport most suited to me and one that has brought me a deep serenity of spirit. Kendo is bound up intimately with what makes me what I am. In it the ideal harmony between the body and the spirit is realized. And its practice has finally satisfied that nostalgic yearning that I have so long felt toward athletics.

I use the word "nostalgic" in a highly personal sense, by no means wanting to imply a relationship with some event in my past. I have, for example, felt my heart swell with nostalgia in places throughout the world I had never visited before, such as, for example, when I stood beneath the palm trees of the West Indies or walked through the streets of Lisbon. So it is with sports, a feeling that for long years had lain deep within me. And now at age 45, with this yearning at last satisfied, my impression is that this has come about not through my own efforts but through the working of fate.

Though it was just 12 years ago that I took up kendo in earnest, the truth of the matter is that I encountered it earlier as part of my middle-school curriculum. In my school such sports as kendo, judo, archery and riding were required subjects, and so I hated all of them. I felt a hot flush of special mortification whenever I heard the rude, barbaric, threatening cries of kendo. My

boyish sensibility was affronted by their gross shamelessness, their animality. They threatened culture. They threatened civilization. Whenever I heard them I wanted to cover my ears.

Now, 30 years later, I feel quite otherwise. The sound is pleasant to me; I have fallen in love with it. This sound is the cry of Nippon itself buried deep within me, a circumstance which I have at last recognized, and to which I have responded. It is a cry that present-day Nippon is ashamed of and desperately tries to suppress, but it breaks out, shattering all pretense. It is something bound up with memories that are dark, something that recalls the flow of new-shed blood. But whatever the recollections it provokes, they are ones that most truthfully recall our nation's past. It is the cry of our race hurtling through the shell of modernization. This ghost of Nippon Past has been long confined in chains, denied sustenance and so reduced to weak groans. But in the kendo drill halls we lend it our throats to come alive, giving it its chance to break free.

When I hear the kendo cry issue from my own throat and from the throats of others, I sometimes look out the window of the small drill hall in downtown Tokyo where I practice. And as I look up at the new elevated freeways cutting across the sky, I say to myself that there lies mere phenomena while here below, the substance of things cries out, and I am happy. Yet, at the same time, how well aware I am that the happiness that comes of incarnating the force behind these cries is a happiness fraught with danger. For my part, I hope that kendo never becomes the international sport redolent of good fellowship that judo has. I never want it to lose the quality that sets it against the spirit of the modern age.

My instructor was Masami Yoshikawa, a man whose character much impressed me. His manner was calm and deferential, and he had none of that somewhat haughty bearing that some kendoists affect. Furthermore, he was not at all moralistic nor did he insist upon the slavish submission of his students. He was, in short, free of those overbearing characteristics that have done such harm to kendo's reputation.

Kendo in the summer, a mask over my face, the sweat pouring from me so I feel every drop of energy is draining out of me—at such times I think, "This is too much," yet I love every moment.



MISHIMA WORKING OUT AT HIS FAVORITE SPORT, KENDO, IN A TOKYO GYM

Kendo is no ordinary sport, I realize, and one of its unusual characteristics is that, quite different even from other sports whose basis is one-to-one combat, a large number of older men are still active competitors. And never in kendo drill halls do you find that exaggerated regard for seniority that in other sports in Nippon causes younger athletes to so defer to their elders that they let them win.

As I look back upon my own athletic history, I am struck by how much it differs from that of other men. I began at an age when most men had long before passed their peak of active participation. Part of my early problem, I realize now, was the approach toward sport followed in Japanese schools during the war. The situation now is somewhat better than during that period, when the emphasis was upon military drills. But even today it is still a matter of the weak losing out to the strong. The boy who is not naturally endowed with strength and agility can do nothing but resign himself as best he can to being a sports dropout. Although school days are the time when sports participation should be enjoyed to the full, varsity teams and clubs tend to preempt all the facilities. The boy who has no talent for athletics then must turn to the arts to see if he has

any talent that might be cultivated there, and the result is the rigid structuring that has so compartmentalized our society. Even today my memory is fresh with the sorrow I felt as a boy because I thought my not having been endowed with athletic skill or strength shut me out forever from the world of sport. How fine it would be if there were even one school that did away with all varsity competition and instead so improved the status of its athletic clubs that they embraced everyone and were so run that the particular capabilities of each student were given the proper scope for development.

Finally, let me conclude with a few words on the problem of sports and the ordinary workman and white-collar man. The situation is such that most men in modern society have been reduced willy-nilly to the status of spectators. And such are the stresses of our modern world, getting worse each day, that the marks of age already begin to appear upon more and more men when they are no more than 30. Excess weight brings on cholesterol disorders and weakens the heart of modern urban man. Too much drinking ravages his liver. The pressure of nervous tension gives him stomach ulcers. And how pitiful a spectacle is the thriving business our drug-

stores do, crowded as they are with men seeking some alleviation for their ills. Though these men realize that sports participation would benefit them immensely, their work affords them neither the necessary leisure nor opportunity. And though sometimes it may happen that there is a drill hall or gym furnished by their companies, such facilities are usually taken up by the company-sponsored teams. Thus the frustration of their school days persists.

I have an ideal that I have been dreaming about for some time: gymnasiums standing in every section of our cities, open to all, without qualification, who are willing to pay a very small membership fee. These would be open late every night and equipped with everything necessary to facilitate a member's participation in whatever sport he likes. There would be directors who would give understanding guidance suited to the age and experience of each member. Those just beginning a particular sport would be grouped together so they could learn from each other's mistakes and good efforts alike. And as for exhibitions, it would not be a matter of letting only the best participate, but everyone would get his place in the sun no matter how awkward and inexperienced he was.

Athletics exert a man's strength to the utmost. To run and leap, to dart about with sweat pouring from your body, to expend your last ounce of energy and afterward to stand beneath a hot shower—how few things in life can give such enjoyment!

When I was going through my boxing phase the mambo fad had seized Tokyo, and once, when I was showering after a hard workout, a young boxer turned to me with a grin beneath the hot spray and said: "The ones going crazy over the mumbo, they'll never know what it's like to stand under a shower like this."

I will never forget this boy's naive boast. He was not being pedantic but merely speaking the truth as he knew it. The feel of a hot shower after vigorous exercise—surely this must be one of the elements essential to a man's happiness. No matter how much power a man may amass, no matter how much he outdoes himself in dissipation, if he never experiences the feel of such a shower, how far is he from knowing the real joy of being alive?

END

by WALTER BINGHAM

You name the event—table tennis, coin pitching, backward running or a whole decathlon of trivial skills—and Eddie Kantar will take you on. He is probably the

WORLD'S GREATEST GAMESMAN



Eddie Kantar is on his knees in the living room playing miniature Ping-Pong with a friend. He is using one of his bridge books as a paddle and he has spotted his opponent 12 points, yet he is in no danger of losing. Naturally, he has wagered a few units on the result, just as he has bet a few more on the Rams-Vikings game on television that is competing for his attention. He has bet not only on the Rams but on which team scores first, whether more points will be scored to the right or the left of the screen and in which quarter the most points will be scored.

Kantar likes to have a few units riding on just about anything that moves, a unit being a nickel, a dime or, often, slightly more. Later, when he leaves with his visitor for the Savoy Bridge Club, there will be some action on which elevator arrives first, what the last digit of the speedometer will be when the car

arrives at the club and how many people will be in the main cardroom, kibitzers included. But it is not time to go yet, and so, having won the first Ping-Pong game, Kantar is now proposing a new one. He will hold three rackets, one in his right hand, the second in his left, the third under his chin. He will hit his shots with all three, in order. How can you lose? Wait and see.

Eddie Kantar, as you have judged already, is a gamesman. In fact, he may just be the world's greatest gamesman. If someone devised a decathlon of trivial skills, one that included, say, backward running, coin pitching, judging the exact minute of any event, running hook shots from center court, flipping cards into a wastepaper basket, balancing a broom on your forehead, memorizing telephone numbers, holding your breath, playing the match game and, of course, any form of table tennis, Kantar would

be a gold medalist. As it is, he must settle for being the most successful bridge teacher in California and one of the best in the country.

Kantar is 38 and a bachelor. He has been teaching bridge in Los Angeles for a dozen years, to how many thousands of people Kantar himself finds it difficult to estimate. Wherever he goes in town—the Forum, the Coliseum, restaurants or movie theaters—he is likely to run into alumni. "Hi, Eddie," says a pretty young thing at the Forum before a Laker game. She has a problem and needs a quick fix. "Eddie, I was holding ace-king five times, doubleton heart . . ." and they are off and running in that mysterious language of advanced bridge players, rehearsing a hand. No charge.

Kantar teaches five days or evenings a week, except on those occasions when he is playing in a tournament—he has



won seven national titles—or when he is representing the U.S. in the world championship, either as a player, which he did in 1969, or as a coach, which he did in 1968. He also spends a part of each day writing bridge articles or books, which invariably contain a pleasant blend of wit and instruction. The rest of his time is free to pursue his second career, gamesmanship.

It is this second career that interests me. You see, until I met Edie in Stockholm last June, I thought I was the world's greatest gamesman. I have always enjoyed all sports in which a winner is finally declared, and there are few games I have not at least sampled, card

games especially. I am a bridge addict. In the morning, while other commuters study the *Times* on the train to New York, I play bridge in the back car with a diamond merchant, a Wall Street lawyer and a public-relations man for Decca Records. We play going home, too. At various times in my life I have fallen in with guys who would play hearts all night, every night. Same with poker. Four of us once got so intense about cribbage that we formed a league, drew up a 154-game schedule, adopted nicknames and issued make-believe press releases. I used to play a lot of gin at a tennis club in Los Angeles, the citadel of the game, but now the only chances I get

are on airplanes, if my companion is willing. Otherwise, I deal myself bridge hands. Finally, there are the endless card games I play with my children—War, Old Maid, Memory, I Doubt It, Go Fish, Dead Man's Hope and Crazy Eights.

As for other games, you can always talk me into Monopoly, Scrabble, billiards, jotto, salvo and darts. I am the only father on our block who plays kick the can on summer evenings. Last August I was crawling on my stomach through my neighbor's shrubbery while trying to retrieve an errant can when whom should I come upon in the semi-darkness but my neighbor himself, pruning his yard. It didn't matter. He already knew I was crazy.

Croquet? It is one of the great cut-throat games. Checkers? A forgotten art. Shuffleboard? A classic. I love them all.

I do not mean to belabor this, merely to drive home the point that I love action and that whatever game you name, I will play it and probably beat you. If I were to draw up my own decathlon of trivial skills, it would be a 10-mile run, tennis, cribbage, underwater swimming (for distance), foul shooting, croquet, checkers, distance throwing (rocks or bulls), bridge and table tennis. In this decathlon, I would have sworn that I would have won a gold medal. But that was before Edie Kantar came along.

We were both in Stockholm to cover the world championship of bridge. He was there with his girl, Valerie Calamari, who is merely gorgeous. I was alone, and the three of us spent much of our time together. The hotel had a swimming pool and slot machines and a gambling hall, and there were tennis courts nearby. Finally, there were bridge people around every corner. It was a perfect atmosphere for competition.

We parried with each other for a while, showing off our stuff. Kantar would sit out by the pool in the morning, fiddling with a deck of cards. Take one, he would say. I would—the 9 of hearts. Edie would then look through the rest of the deck at lightning speed and tell me when he was through that I held a 9. How did he know? A deck of cards has 364 pips. A four is four pips, a jack 11, a king 13, etc. Total, 364. Edie can add any string of numbers as fast as he can see them. For that matter, he can also multiply any two three-digit numbers almost as soon as you give them to him.

continued

He would add the pips as he raced through the deck of cards, get 355 and know a 9 was missing.

I tried to hustle him on an underwater-swimming bet. It is one of my death-lion events, you may have noticed. Arriving at poolside early the first morning, I did the length of the pool easily, a distance of some 60 feet. Later, when Eddie and Valerie had arrived, I wondered aloud if it were possible to, oh say, swim the length of the pool underwater. He didn't bite. Probably my hating suit was still wet.

What we did do in Stockholm when we finally got down to business was pitch coins against a wall (the closer man wins), bet on the number of points the Dallas Aces would be leading by when we got back from dinner, play tennis; guess the number of sugar cubes in the bowls at our breakfast table; throw a ball in the air, turn around twice, and try to catch it; and predict when Oswald Jacoby would arrive at the pool every morning. With Valerie holding the watch, we took turns trying to call the exact minute. Eddie found a table-tennis hall in downtown Stockholm, so of

course we had to try that out, even though I knew that 13 years before, in Stockholm of all places, Kantar had played in the world championship. That's table tennis, not bridge. He spotted me 10 points and won 21-18, so he spotted me 13 points and won 21-18 again. Finally he gave me 15 points, and you already know the score. I quit when he offered to play me sitting down in a chair, so he took on a local hot-shot, some kid who had been watching us play, and he beat him 21-5.

Our major confrontation occurred one evening when we were having dinner in the Grand Hotel. That's right, the Greta Garbo place. I happened to mention what a shame it was that there were so many forward running races and no backward races. A guy could grow old never realizing that he was the fastest backward racer in the world. Eddie replied that this was unlikely in my case since I probably couldn't even beat him. Bet, I said. I figured I probably had pretty close to a sure thing because for years, while running along the beach on Cape Cod, I have always done a stretch backward. Don't ask me why. Maybe I knew this moment would come.

We finished dessert and strolled out into the lovely twilight of the Swedish midsummer night. Although it was 10:30, you could see clearly and the sidewalk and street were crowded. We decided to try it anyway. Valerie walked down to the corner, about 50 yards away, while Eddie and I turned our backs on her and got set. When there was a lull in the sidewalk traffic, Valerie yelled go and we were off.

Thinking it over now, I realize I blew the race because I was too anxious to get off to a fast start. The secret of backward running is to maintain your balance and an even stride. It's something like a three-legged race. Striding back fast, I lunged badly toward the curb, and for an instant I was sure I was about to fall into the street. I had to slow down to regain my balance, and that put Eddie some five yards ahead. I never made up the distance. He didn't tell me until much later that in the part of Minneapolis where he grew up, there used to be a backward running event in the Fourth of July fair. He won it three years in a row.

Kantar was born in Minneapolis, the son of a bootblack who now, at 74, shares Eddie's apartment in Los Ange-

les. As a child Eddie used to play a lot of punch, poker and blackjack, but one day when he was 11 the father of a friend taught his son and Eddie bridge. He gave them a copy of Culbertson's *Self-Teacher*, which the boys memorized. By the time he was 14 Eddie was playing in duplicate tournaments, and three years later he was teaching the game in a local community center.

Eddie worked his way through the University of Minnesota, teaching hedge, hustling at bridge and clearing tables in a fraternity-house dining room. But Eddie and the fraternity life didn't mix. First, he was made to join even though he really didn't want to. Then the brothers demanded that he play table tennis for the fraternity. He refused, because he didn't have time, so they kicked him out.

Eddie majored in foreign languages. When he had graduated and served a hitch in the Army, he went to Los Angeles, where his parents had moved, and became a Spanish teacher at Emerson Junior High. He also became a frequent visitor at the Los Angeles Bridge Club. His career as language teacher did not last long. "When someone in Spanish-I asked me a question and I couldn't answer it, I knew I was in the wrong business," he says.

And so he turned to bridge for a living, losing a fiancée in the process. "She couldn't bear saying she was engaged to a bridge pro," he says. At first he taught in places like the YMCA and in park playgrounds, but it was not long before his reputation as a teacher and a player got him the jobs in clubs and private homes he has now.

When I left Stockholm I knew that someday I would have to visit Los Angeles and engage Kantar in an all-out battle of games, even though it would mean going him the home-court advantage. Not long ago my chance came.

"I'm flying out this weekend," I told him over the phone. "Any game you name."

"I'm ready," he said.

I arrived late in the afternoon, checked in at my hotel and went directly to his apartment in Century City, a tall modern building on part of the old 20th Century-Fox lot. Kantar lives on the 17th floor. A note taped to the door told me to make myself at home, he would be back soon.

Inside, right in the middle of the liv-



KANTAR IS A RANCHO COURT REGULAR

The party's over and they've all gone home
and at last it's quiet and no more people
thank goodness and...

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A moment of pleasure for you to share.
With a whole new cigarette.
Rich new blend and rich new flavor.
Relax. Unwind.
Take it easy with an L&M.
NEW, RICH L&M





1971. You've changed

Change. That's what putting you first is all about.

These are uneasy times.

There are major concerns. About pollution.

About safety. About the economy. About your hard-earned dollar. We know.

For the past 10 years Chevrolet research people have questioned thousands of people on every subject from rising taxes to the size of the glovebox in their cars.

We've found that price and maintenance costs, trade-in value and quality have become tremendously important.

Your car has to work. It has to last. And each new model must have more built-in value.

At Chevrolet, we understand.

You want meaningful change. And our aim is to give that to you, as you'll see in the 1971 Chevrolets.

Caprice. The biggest Chevrolet ever. The change is complete. Bigness in itself is nothing. But if it allows you to lengthen the distance between the front and rear wheels (which we did), then you've got something. You've got a smoother ride.

The idea in the 1971 Caprice was to give you the looks and comfort of a six- or seven-thousand-dollar car, without asking you to pay that much for it. And above all, to build in as much dependability and





We've changed.

security as possible.

So we changed the body structure for 1971, too. We made it stronger. And we made it quieter by putting a double layer of steel in the roof.

Caprice, as you can see above, is a lot of luxury at a Chevrolet price.

Vega. The littlest Chevrolet ever. It wasn't changed from anything.

Before building Vega, we read everything we

could get our hands on about little cars.

We talked to owners.

We studied little cars up one side and down the other and, literally, tore them apart. We found out exactly what made them tick, or why they didn't tick.

What ticked were gas economy and dependability. What didn't were underpowered engines, cramped quarters and getting blown around in the wind.

In our little Vega, everything ticks. It's not just another little car. You didn't want *that*. It's one little car that does everything well.

Caprice Sedan



Tell
your face
you love it.



How? By giving it a comfortable shave.

The Spoiler.[®]

(With our miracle plastic coating.)

ing room, was the mini table-tennis set. In a corner were three putters and two tennis rackets, and on the dining table were a couple of decks of cards. I was obviously in the right apartment.

Beyond the living room was a tiny balcony from which you could see the Hollywood Hills and all of downtown Los Angeles in the distance. Directly below were a putting green, several tennis courts and a swimming pool. Just beyond them was the Beverly Hills High School football field with a running track around it, and next to that was a park with more tennis courts, a softball diamond and a lawn-bowling field. I may never leave, I thought.

I was sitting at the dining table dealing bridge hands when Eddie and Valerie walked in. He looked at me, then reached in his pocket and paid her a dime. "I bet you'd be sitting on the couch," he explained.

Before I could greet them, Kantar had put a paddle in my outstretched hand. He gave me 10 points for five units. (I'm not going to say what our units were because my wife is very excitable.) He won easily. Then he beat me for another five, this time holding three rackets in his right hand. That was enough table tennis for me.

The Lakers were playing that night, so of course we went. Eddie never misses a Laker game, even if it means rescheduling a bridge class. We made dozens of bets on such things as Wilt Chamberlain's foul shooting—I lost that badly because Wilt has a new shooting style this year and is making 50%—Jerry West's point total, and on such far-out things as the number of times the ball would hit the floor between baskets. Later, we went to the Savoy Bridge Club for a few rubbers, then to an all-night restaurant for scrambled eggs. I got five units back by coming the closest to guessing the total check.

The next day Kantar introduced me to Rancho Park, a delightful playground near his apartment where he goes every day, as soon as he can leave his bridge ladies. The park has a dozen tennis courts, acres of open grassy fields for softball and touch football, a basketball court, an archery area, an artificial lake and a natural outdoor amphitheater where kids with guitars have rock sessions while dozens more sit and watch.

From the trunk of his car Kantar produced two tennis rackets, a football, a



BETWEEN TIMES AND BETS, EDDIE AND VALERIE DEAL AND SID BRIDGE HANDS

basketball, a can of tennis balls, a pillow and, of course, a deck of cards. Kantar would sooner be without his wallet than the cards. (At halftime of a Laker game, Eddie will take them out, remove the deuces, 3's and 4's and deal two hands which he and Valerie—or anyone else with him—will bid, trying to reach the best contract.) At Rancho Park there is always a waiting line for courts. House rules state that a group can hold a court for only half an hour or one set, yet there are often as many as three groups waiting. So Kantar will sit on the wooden bleachers beside his favorite court, the pillow behind his back, and play bridge with the young crowd, bid hands with Valerie or read a paperback. When the court is his, he will play with anyone who happens to be around, then go back to the bridge game or his book. Since the courts are lighted, he will often stay at Rancho until well after dark.

The day he took me there, the courts were crowded as usual. We signed up for one, which at Rancho you do verbally, then went over to the basketball court. First we shot fouls, a decathlon event for me. In the West Side YMCA in New York I can average seven out of 10 using the old-fashioned set shot. Once I made 13 in a row. But on the outdoor court at Rancho, with a slight right-to-left breeze blowing, I began with two out of 10. Kantar, using a one-hand

push shot, made six. On the next round I made five, but he came back with eight. To rub it in, he made a running hook shot from center court, the kind of thing I thought only Jerry West could do.

He also destroyed me at tennis, another of my events. When the court opened up, he beat me 6-2 in singles, one set with each. He also won most of the bets we made. Watching others play, we bet on the number of times the ball would cross the net, or on how many times someone would bounce the ball before serving. Again I lost. It was like playing Notre Dame at South Bend.

It was dark when we left and drove back to Kantar's apartment. There would be a football game on television that night, and some friends had gathered to watch and later play bridge. Already dozens of oddball bets were being made. But not by me. It was time for me to catch my plane.

"One last game," Kantar said, motioning to the mini Ping-Pong. "Double or nothing. I'll play with my shoe."

It was tempting, but there was really no time. I said goodbye to Eddie and Valerie and went down the hallway to the elevator. While I waited, I made a mental bet that the one on the right would arrive first. I lost.

END



♦ Question: What do they do in Denmark besides produce X-rated movies?

Answer: Well, how about The Round Tower in Copenhagen? No steps, but there is this well-discussed ramp inside. 209 meters to the top. About the last time anybody had any real fun there was in the 1700s when *Czar Peter the Great* of Russia made it up the tower on horseback. Last weekend two Danish sports, Ole Ritter and Leif Mortensen, who are pro bicyclists, raced up on their two-wheelers. Ritter got there first, in 55.3 seconds, 7.7 seconds ahead of Mortensen. True, it's a small thing. But it's also the cleanest show in town.

This week's Hip, Hip, Hooray Cheer goes to—

Lord Burghley, the Marquess of Exeter. In the years after he won the 1928 Olympic 400-meter hurdles he suffered from a hip that went out of joint. In 1960 the pesky thing was replaced with a noncorroding Vitallium number, and more re-

cently that one was exchanged for a newer model. Which brings us up to date: once the joint was out of his hip, the marquess figured that he had to do something appropriate with it. And that's why the thing is now mounted on the hood of his Rolls-Royce as a sort of radiator ornament, nicely dole up with an owl's head on top, a crest at the middle and bearing the inscription: "A DEVOTED SUPPORTER, 1960-1970."

A special sporting salute to Washington's Senator **Warren G. Magnuson**, who smokes fat, Churchillian cigars and expresses cool disdain for physical exercise. Ticking off the names of several fellow lawmakers who are physical-fitness nuts, Magnuson snorted, "Look at them. Every one of them is bald."

Meanwhile, out on the capital cocktail-party circuit, the guests always gather around Wisconsin's Senator **Gaylord Nelson**. Word is out that the legislator can rap a telephone book in half with his bare hands, the sort of really auffy stunt that will liven any party. In fact, the Senator points out that there is a bar back in Milwaukee that still has a framed display of the two halves of a phone book he tore apart when he was campaigning for governor in 1962. Can't remember the name of the bar. But it's on the south side.

But enough of such vigor, and back to Senator Magnuson's kind of athlete. For many years FBI Chief J. **Edgar Hoover** has made no secret of the fact that he is a horseplayer. He also has carefully cultivated the public image that he observes the rules of thrift and prudence while following his hobby: always places his bets at the 52 window. Now, according to Washington Columnist **Jack Anderson**, who has

been watching, the secret is out: Hoover secretly sends bets by a messenger to the 5100 window. And a sporting salute to you, Mr. Hoover.

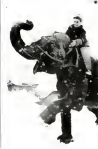
Saddest spot of the week:

In Johannesburg, **Peter Kriel** curled right up in the cage to break the world record for sleeping with poisonous snakes, a mark currently held by another South African, **Jack Seal**.

Peter got into the cage on Christmas Eve and planned to stay until Jan. 24. But after three days and three nights he climbed back out again, exhausted and pretty grouchy about the whole thing. The snakes were too restless and mean, he said. The breaking point came when he was lying there, peacefully trying to read, and a deadly mamba struck at him—sinking its fangs right into the cover of the book. *Mamba mia*, that's a some spicy story.

★ Advance 1971 Christmas Gift Suggestion No. 1:

Be a sport like **Carl Pfeiffer** of Birmingham, Mich. and buy your wife something unusual. Carl bought Janet what every woman has always wanted, a ride on a real elephant. That's Mrs. Pfeiffer up on *Queenie* in



the picture, fulfilling a lifelong ambition. And the whole wonderful yuletide surprise only cost Carl a bushel of apples, some peanuts and eight loaves of bread. That was *Queenie's* pay. And about \$1,300. That was to pay *Queenie's* owner.

Society Notes from the Horey Set

First, **Dennis Carlson** stepped up to the 52 window at Balmoral Park racetrack south of Chicago. Then along came **Judy Balou**. Both placed their bets and promptly fell in love. That was a year ago; just recently they staged their wedding reception—yes, right there at the track's new Balmoral Club. Isn't that sweet? Incidentally, the horse they both bet on was named First Love. Isn't that sickening?

Little **Balfour Sharp** expects to be a matinee idol when he grows up. Little Balfour is 14, attends a child actor's school in London and recently got a part in a new movie, *The Devils*. He was featured, with another lad, in a wrestling scene. Nice, except that London's Equity keeps hearing rumors that little Balfour's opponent was, well, a naked lady. There is a big flap about the morality of all this now, and it is possible that the scene will be cut. Golly. Will little Balfour be a victim of the Generation Grapple?

Shhh—This is **Clint Wakefield**, sound asleep in the bedroom of his home in East Waterboro, Maine. Suddenly—crash! Clint awakens to find that a deer has burst through the window. In fact, the deer lands in bed with Clint. The deer scrambles to his feet and looks at Clint. Deer bounds out of bed. Then—crash! The deer buries through the other window on his way out. Oh, well. Good night, Clint. Good night, deer.

Cash Value is the name of the game on television.

Right?



Sorry, but we made our definition misleading, in order to make a point.

The point is, too many people know too little about life insurance.

Which is too bad. Because that can cause a family to have too little life insurance. Or, not enough of the right kind.

And after all, life insurance isn't that hard to understand.

Take cash value, for instance. The cash value is always found in policies covering the whole of life. And here's the way it works.

Since life gets shorter as people grow older, you might expect a life insurance premium to increase year by year. However, the companies have figured out a way for you to spread your payments over the years at a level price.

Part of these payments, when you are younger, are reserved

and invested by the company to keep the price from increasing as you grow older. This is the cash value. Many people, on reaching the age when they want to retire, and when their protection needs have lessened, use their cash value to augment their income. Others, faced with a serious emergency, may borrow against these funds to tide them over until they

can replace them and restore their policies to their full strength.

Want to know more? We can help.

We're not in the business of selling life insurance. We're here to help you do a better job of buying it. By giving you the kind of information you need to talk to an agent with a little more confidence than you have now.

The fact is, we have a 64-page booklet called "Understanding Your Life Insurance." The booklet is free. And it's filled with the simple ideas behind complicated-sounding terms like cash value.

So why not write to us and ask for a copy. We'll mail it to you fast.

Institute of Life Insurance

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A long jump to the baskets

When Bob Beamon, world record-holding long jumper, began playing basketball again three months ago, Coach Mike Gordon watched the reaction of his Adelphi University squad: "They had the image everyone has of Bob—on that pedestal in Mexico City, the gold medal around his neck. Suddenly, here he is—the guy who leaped 29' 2½"—playing basketball with them at this little school."

The last time Beamon had played organized ball was five years before at Jamaica (N.Y.) High, where he averaged 20 points a game and was showy enough to attract an offer from the Harlem Magicians. On the basis of his performance in the 1968 Olympics the Phoenix Suns, sight unseen, made him their 15th-round pick in the 1969 NBA draft. Of one thing the Suns were sure: Beamon could leap. "I'm the kind of guy," he says, "who can get up in the morning, go out to the pit and jump 26 feet." That kind of guy probably can be counted on one finger.



BOB BEAMON RISES UP AGAINST CCNY

Jumping, in fact, comes so easily to Beamon that he has never worked at it very seriously. "I could have jumped 35 feet if I had practiced track as much as I have basketball," he says.

From the first day of practice at Adelphi, Beamon did the expected on the basketball court. When he went up he put both elbows above the rim. A teammate remembers a time when the 6'3" forward stalled in for a jump shot and he could read Beamon's shoe size—printed on the bottoms of his shoes. But Beamon's hands are not yet those of a skilled performer and he has still to acquire court sense. "He isn't going to take us to a national title," Gordon says, "but he'll help win some games. He is a challenge to my ability because he has such raw talent."

Somebody is meeting the challenge: Beamon, Gordon—maybe the two of them. Through eight games, including four victories, Beamon has averaged 11 points and eight rebounds while playing less than full time. His best game was against CCNY, when he scored 20 points and grabbed 11 rebounds in an 85-76 victory. He has shown he has speed, that he can move well with the ball and that he is an accurate shooter from 12 feet away. Most of all, he is aggressive. Gordon says: "I have never had an intimidator. He is one."

Is Bob Beamon through with track? Not exactly: he is thinking of the 1972 Olympics at Munich, but he is also talking about pro basketball. One problem is his eligibility. Beamon began college at North Carolina A&T, transferred to the University of Texas at El Paso, left there after the athletes struck prior to a scheduled meet against Brigham Young and finally ended up at Adelphi in Garden City, Long Island, N.Y. If the NCAA rules in his favor he will finish the basketball season at Adelphi and maybe go out for track in the spring. Track Coach Ron Bazil says he is not counting on having Beamon, but if he does come out it will be strictly for fun. "He'll do some high jumping and we might use him in the 440-yard relay," Bazil says, but he has advised Beamon

not to long-jump until he intends to compete in earnest. Beamon agrees. It would take him about four months to get into the kind of jumping shape, he says, "where I would know I was Bob Beamon." Most of all he wants to avoid the kind of experience he had in Miami during a 1969 meet.

"I won with a jump of 26' 11" and did it by springing off my left foot—not the right as in Mexico City. I'm not bragging, but it was a hell of a jump for the wrong foot. Can you imagine, some people booed? I realize they've done the same thing to Jim Ryun, but if people see me jumping again, they'll see me jump."

They will not, however, see him jump for jumping's sake, particularly on a basketball court. As a matter of policy the Adelphi athletic department has refused to exploit its world-class athlete. Gordon says: "I know we can win every center jump this season just by putting Bob out there and then replacing him after the tap. But if I'm not going to start him, I'm not going to take advantage of his special talent."

Should Beamon be declared indefinable, which seems likely, he will play his last college game at the end of this month. "He'll still work out with us," says Gordon, "and I'll set him up in an outside league so he continues to develop while he works for his degree [in sociology and anthropology]."

Gordon sees the day coming when an experienced and confident Bob Beamon is going to race downcourt on a fast break, stop his dribble somewhere around midcourt and float in for a lay-up. "There isn't a referee in the nation who wouldn't call Bob for traveling," Gordon says, almost gleefully.

THE WEEK

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

EAST

The two best teams in Dixie came together as expected in the finals of New York's Holiday Festival, and Madison Square Garden veterans had to go back to Bill Bradley's clash with Cazzie Russell in 1964 to match the excitement of South Carolina's 86-84 victory over Western Kentucky. Big Jim McDaniels owed the Gamecocks with his quickness and desire as much as his shooting touch

(26 points), but South Carolina's big men, Tom Riker and Tom Owens, held off McDaniels just enough to forge an 86-80 lead with 19 seconds left. Then, after Western's Jim Rose rushed downcourt for a basket, Kevin Joyce, a Gamecock sophomore who had scored 25 points, made his first mistake by passing inbounds to Western's Rex Bailey, who quickly scored. Instead of holding the ball for the final four seconds, Joyce then threw it again to Bailey, who passed to Rose, who passed to McDaniels, who scored—a moment too late to beat the final gun.

Two other acclaimed teams romped in Eastern tournaments, Penn beating Temple for the Quaker City title 76-55, and UCLA overcoming backcourt problems to defeat Pitt 77-64 in the Steel Bowl. Drake Coach Maury John thought he was back in one of those ancient Missouri Valley hotheouse gyms when four of his starters fouled out as Niagara upset the Bulldogs 87-71 to win the Queen City (Buffalo) tournament. John was not enamored of Referee Joe Debonis. "I was intimidated by that big guy," he said. "He lectured me and threatened to put me up in the stands." Debonis, for the record, is the same official whom Niagara Coach Frank Layland blasted just nine days earlier after a loss.

Fordham, the surprise of the East, won the Kodak Classic and later defeated Princeton 81-71 to remain unbeaten.

1. PENN (9-0) 2. FORDHAM (10-0)

SOUTH

It is best not to invite Adolph Rupp and his old adversaries to the same party, particularly when they come from Marquette and Notre Dame. Marquette's Al McGuire has not taken his annual shot at the Baron yet (that might come later), but in Louisville last week the Irish's Johnny Dee objected to the ND-Kentucky game ball—an Adolph F. Rupp signature model. "It's fine for kids to buy one of these at the drugstore, but this is Mickey Mouse treatment," Dee complained. "My kids say the Rupp ball is lighter than the one we use. Kentucky should have sent us four or five to practice with. This is a sensitive game." Said Adolph, "I don't care what ball we use, just so it bounces. We'll get the ball through the basket somehow. Let the officials decide." The decision was for the Rupp ball, so Austin Carr went out and, servitively, put Adolph's signature through the hoop for 50 points as the Irish won 99-92.

Handfuls of pro scouts turned up in the sun at West Palm Beach, waiting for the struggle between big men Artis Gilmore of Jacksonville and Cyril Baptiste of Creighton in the Gold Coast Classic. Neither was impressive as Jacksonville won 94-85, so little Charlie Davis of Wake Forest stole

the tournament away from everybody. He scored a total of 60 points as the Demons beat Georgetown, then upset Jacksonville for the title when John Orecinski hit a 10-footer with 25 seconds left.

While South Carolina was out of the state, Navy took the Palmetto championship at Charleston, and Arizona won the Poinsettia at Greenville. St. Bonaventure, playing without Matt Garri, also took home Southern plunder: the Gator Bowl title after defeating Georgia Tech 70-68. Later, Rich Yunkus broke the all-time Tech scoring record (1,628 points) in an 82-72 win over Rice. Mississippi lost three games, but Johnny Neumann (135 points) continued to smoke North Carolina and Duke took turns beating up on Penn State and Northwestern, while North Carolina State edged touring Santa Clara 82-79.

1. S. CAROLINA (9-0) 2. W. KENTUCKY (10-1)

WEST

UCLA's Henry Bibby broke a season-long slump with 19 points in the Bruins' 106-82 mauling of Dayton, but the big news in Los Angeles was downtown, where Coach Bob Boyd's young USC Trojans have put everything together and are winning the close ones they faltered in last year. USC took its own Trojan Invitational with back-to-back victories over Michigan State 88-63 and Houston 77-64, as little-known Chris Schrobögen had an outstanding game (21 points) in the championship. Boyd's trump card, however, is his backcourt of Paul Westphal and Dennis Layton, one of the best pairs of guards in college. USC desperately needed their talents to come from 10 points behind and beat LSU 89-76 in overtime. "No way last year's team would have won this game," said Boyd. Then he laid this one on everybody: "Many of the teams that we have played during our great start are comparable to the great teams in our awesome conference race." Whew.

Up north, touted Indiana came into the Far West Classic flat and stale, so the semifinals turned into Did Home Week for Pacific Eight rivals. Finally, Oregon, which had won the tournament the past two years, and Oregon State, which had won it the first 10 times it was played, met in the finals. There Coach Ralph Miller, recently of Iowa, showed how easily Beavers can learn to run. Swarthly Gary Arbelbide scored 20 points and Freddie Boyd 17 and State upset Oregon 68-64.

After seven years of Rainbow Classics, Hawaii Coach Red Rocha's ploy of stacking the good teams in the opposite bracket from his Rainbows paid off. Villanova, Illinois and Brigham Young exhausted themselves against each other, then Hawaii slipped past BYU 94-90 in the championship game. Earlier Hawaii—with three good play-

ers—had defeated NYU and Michigan, holding Henry Wilmore to six points. "We win 10 more and we're in the NIT," said Tommy Newell of the Rainbows. New Mexico State won the Roadrunner Invitational before running New Mexico off the road 76-65.

1. UCLA (9-0) 2. USC (10-0)

MIDWEST

Sophomore Mike of the Week Utah State's Bob Laurski took a swallow of Ditto machine fluid from the scorers' table during the Aggies' 65-62 victory over Bowling Green in the All-College tournament in Oklahoma City and had to be rushed to a hospital for a stomach pump. Laurski, who thought he was drinking water, later returned to help Utah State defeat Wichita State 84-78 and LSU 97-81 for the title—a notable achievement considering that Mary Roberts, the Aggie star, stayed home with the flu. Coach LaDell Andersen's team had six men in double figures in the final game as unheralded Jeff Tebbis gained the MVP trophy.

The Big Eight tournament came down to the most men of Nebraska in maroon jackets and red and white bell-bottoms against the conservative Jayhawks of Kansas in conventional coats and ties. Before the final, Nebraska's Shippy Joe Cipriano, once named to a best-dressed list by what he called "some barber magazine," said out loud, "If we can keep them off the boards we can win," and whispered, "I hope they don't blow us out of the place." But Roger Brown and Dave Robisch, both 6' 10", were too much underneath, and Kansas won easily 72-52. Coach Ted Owens' fifth tournament championship did not come without a scare, however. Iowa State's Garth Johnson sent a semifinal game into overtime with a shot at the buzzer, but Robisch scored all six points for Kansas in the extra period and the Jayhawks survived 59-56.

Marquette also was frightened in the final of the Milwaukee Classic, when starters Bob Lackey and Alke McGuire (the coach's son) fouled out against Wisconsin, but with four seconds left and a one-point lead, Hugh McMahon lofted a pass downcourt that Jim Chenes converted for a 72-69 Warrior victory. "I'd have bet 50-1 against us being 8-0," said Coach McGuire. What about 9-0? Marquette next stopped Detroit 70-61.

Louisville, 8-1 and the only team so far to beat Kansas, added wins over Bellarmine, SMU and Tulsa but suffered a severe setback when popular Coach John Drumo was stricken with a heart attack Sunday morning. Assistant Howard Casey will take over.

Notre Dame returned home to nip Santa Clara in overtime 85-83. Cincinnati upset Drake 60-59.

5. MARQUETTE (9-0) 2. KANSAS (10-1)

It takes two to win the cup

A pair of good goalies instead of one makes the difference between this season's durable Rangers and the collapsible variety of the recent past

Well, it's almost that time of year again, the time for the New York Rangers to begin their annual collapse. But, wait, something is wrong. The Rangers do not seem to be collapsing. Right now they're holding fast in a neck-and-neck race with Boston in the front of the East Division, and for 24 hours last week they were even in the lead. What's wrong with these Rangers? Two goalies, that's what's wrong.

Of course, the Rangers, like every other NHL team, have had two goalies for the last four years and they both suited up for every game according to the rule book. But up to this year the other goalie has been just that: the other goalie. The goalie has been lean, hawklike

Eddie Giacomin, who looks like Savonarola and, also like that passionate Italian, has ended up each season a martyr to his own excessive zeal. Aging second-stringers like Don Simmons and the late Terry Sawchuk, who had been one of the best, were there merely to help Giacomin during practice sessions or to stand in the goal about once a month against the Penguins or the Kings. Giacomin, the best goalie in hockey, wanted to play in every game, and his boss, Emile Francis, a former goalie himself, was quite content to have him do so.

The result was that along about mid-February or early March, Giacomin began to look like a man who had been lost on Mount Kilimanjaro for most of the winter. Obviously fatigued both physically and mentally from the strain of playing so often, he would start to fight the puck instead of stopping it naturally. His judgment and his reflexes both suffered, and the effect was that he let in some bad—and costly—goals.

Last season, for instance, New York won only four of its last 18 games, dropping from first place in the East Division to fourth. This was good enough to get the Rangers into the playoffs, but there Giacomin's weariness was even more evident, as indeed it has been over the last four years. In that time the Rangers have won only four of their 20 Stanley Cup games as Giacomin's goals-against average, always under 2.62 during the regular season, rose to between 3.00 and 4.13.

Rather than blame Giacomin for this annual collapse, most hockey people have pointed their fickle fingers at Francis for stubbornly insisting that one goalie can play an entire NHL schedule. The 1964 rule requiring two goalies was not an idle whim of the lawmakers. When expansion introduced the jet plane and coast-to-coast travel to hockey, the two-goalie system became a physical neces-

sity. Every divisional champion and all the Stanley Cup winners over the last three years have rotated two and, in the case of the St. Louis Blues, even three goaltenders during the season.

After studying such evidence last spring Francis finally concluded that he was wrong, that one goalie could not carry a team to the Stanley Cup. So—enter Gilles Villeneuve, an *aficionado*, not *other* goalie. Already in this season Villeneuve has played 16 games for the Rangers—only two less than all the Rangers' other goaltenders played during the last four years. He has a record of 12 wins, one loss and three tied games plus a league-leading 1.75 goals-against average. Giacomin, meanwhile, has played 23 games and has a 14-6-3 record with a 2.20 goals-against average.

"I know Gilles' record is better than mine on paper," Giacomin said of his new colleague last week, "but we're not competing against one another. I think we'd both be insecure if we tried to compete against one another. What we're trying to do is play our best and beat the other guys. The statistics don't mean anything unless you win the hockey games. I've learned that." Ed still has one sound and valuable statistic in his favor: he is leading Gilles 4-2 in the \$100 bonus stakes that Francis offers each goalie for a shutout.

Thanks mostly to this new duplicate effort in the goal, the Rangers, who are not an explosive scoring team, have been winning hockey games and show no signs of stopping. "It should be tight between us and the Bruins all the rest of the year," says Francis. "Boston scores a lot, but we don't give up many goals. In the long run I'll take the team with the better record on defense."

Giacomin, who catches the puck with his left hand, and Villeneuve, who catches it with his right ("We're an ambidextrous team," Ed says), both play somewhat the same stand-up style in goal. However, their similarity ends there.

"You can hear Giacomin all over the ice," says Brad Park, the Rangers' young defenseman. "He's always yelling at us, telling us where the puck is and who is chasing us." Villeneuve says what needs to be said but does it quietly. "He'll never have a voice like Eddie's," says Park. "Who has?"

As his voice might indicate, Giacomin is also more aggressive than Villeneuve.



ED GACOMIN is the aggressive type. His voice rings out loud and clear all over the ice.

If a puck is loose around the goal, Villemure will try to fall on it and get a face-off. Not Giacomini. He likes to control the puck with his stick, make clearing passes to his teammates and even take an occasional shot at an empty net at the other end of the rink. "Someday I'm going to become the first NHL goalie to score a goal," he says.

Over the last four seasons, while 31-year-old Ed Giacomini was stopping goals and building a league-wide reputation in the Ranger nets, Villemure, 30, was waiting patiently in the minor leagues for his chance. For many years he was considered the best goaltender outside the NHL, and many critics of Francis contended that he should have brought Gilles up to New York long before. "But," says Villemure, "Emile didn't think I was ready and, to be honest, I wasn't until this year. I really was a lot better off playing every game and handling 40 shots a night in Buffalo."

The results of Villemure's apprenticeship are plainly evident. Gilles moves adroitly around the net, plays the angles with near perfection and rarely finds himself out of position. "I learned how to play goal in Buffalo," he says. "It is not just a matter of stopping the first shot. You must be in position to stop the second and third shots, too."

It was last May when Francis told Villemure that he would play for the Rangers this year. "I thought he meant that I would be around to help Eddie in practice and play the occasional game," Gilles says. "I never thought I'd be playing as much as I have so far." Giacomini didn't think so, either. He still detests sitting on the bench as often as he has this season. "It gets boring," he says. "I try to holler like I do when I'm in the goal, but some nights I just can't make myself. And I'm usually mad at myself or somebody else because I'm not the one out there playing. It's an adjustment, sure, but what Emile's doing now is right."

Regardless of whether he is scheduled to play or merely to watch, Giacomini, who, like all goalies, is very superstitious, always takes the first warmup in the pregame skate. "Frank Pace [the Rangers' trainer] gives me a puck, and I'm always the first one on the ice," Ed says. "I start the players skating counterclock-

wise, then yell, 'The other way,' and we all go clockwise." Giacomini drops the puck from his glove, and Bob Nevin, the Ranger captain, controls it first. "None of the other players know that Nevy and I have this thing about the puck," Giacomini says. "I've seen Nevy lift other players' sticks just so he can control the puck before anyone else."

Rod Seiling, a Ranger defenseman, always takes the first practice shot at Giacomini. "Red doesn't know it, but 90° of the time he tries to shoot the puck through my pads." If Giacomini is scheduled to play the game, then he warms up for about eight minutes. If Villemure is to start, then Eddie will leave the cage after about four minutes. "It will always be this way as long as I'm with the Rangers," he says.

Besides sitting on the bench more often, there is one other great change in Giacomini this year. Along with virtually every other goalie in the league, Ed now wears a mask. "It's something I've thought about for a long time," he says. "I know that everyone says I'm wearing a mask because of what happened

to Jacques Plante in the playoffs last year, but that's not true. I always wore a mask in training camp and in practice, but I never found a mask that would protect my eyes without loss of vision, particularly when I had to look for the puck around my feet."

Emile Huggins of Norwood, Mass., spent several hours with Giacomini before the start of this season studying the problem and making molds of the goaltender's face. The mask Huggins made for Giacomini provides him with both maximum vision and maximum protection. "I still have one problem," he says. "I perspire a lot, and the sweat runs into my eyes. I may have to get a sweat band like the one Wilt Chamberlain uses on the basketball court."

Oddly enough, the only person who has objected to Ed's mask so far is his proud wife, Marg. "She doesn't like it," says Ed. "She claims that it's too hard to tell who's playing in the goal when all the goalies are wearing masks."

Well, Marg, look at it this way. If he's got a 1 on his back, that's Ed. If it's a 30, that's Gilles.

END



GILLES VILLEMURE plays it cool and cautious. He would rather fall on a puck than lose it.

What every well-bred rookie should know

The qualifying school of the PGA's Tournament Players Division serves up heaping portions of conventional wisdom to 60 young men who would gladly settle for nothing but a wallet-size piece of paper

As professional golf's 1971 pursuit of gold and glory begins this week in Los Angeles, the corpus of the tour—those 250-odd players who try to make their living at the game—begins again its annual rite of renewal. It does this by an uncomplicated act of attrition and rebirth: the old, the infirm and the ungifted fall by the wayside as the tour grinds its 35,000-mile way toward next December. And standing ready to take their places is a platoon of young, healthy and clearly gifted youngsters on whom the PGA's Tournament Players Division has bestowed its most coveted prize—a brand-new player's card.

Of course, these youngsters—18 of them this year—face the same hardships and perils as their veteran companions, and a few besides. For instance, getting there in the first place. Qualifying for the school, traveling to it and paying the entry fee, not to mention expenses for the seven-day session, could set back the average rookie (or his hometown sponsor) \$1,500. But if early results are any indication, the 1971 rookie crop—mostly Americans but with a sprinkling of Aussies, New Zealanders and one Italian, Roberto Bernardini—seems promising at least. In three tournaments since earning their cards in Tucson at the PGA players school last November, the new pros have earned an aggregate of about \$10,000. Brian Allen actually led a tournament for one day, and five players have finished in the money at least once. One of them, Vic Lousiolot, took home a \$7,350 paycheck for third place at Coral Springs.

An explanation for this early blush of success may be the fact that they were taught so well. The TPD's Tucson session, and the ones that have preceded it for six years, gives these youngsters a savagely realistic taste of what professional pressure really is. Unlike the average tour event, where perhaps

80 of the players who qualify make money, the recent players school weeded out all but 18 over the 72 holes of competition. For the rest of the 60-man class of 1970, there was nothing.

Though the golf at Tucson was pretty good and the competition fierce the PGA does not tout the event as the Rabbit Open or some such. In fact, the competitive aspects are generally played down, even in the official title, which is the Qualifying School for PGA Approved Tournament Players. The school itself is really two afternoons' worth of lectures heavily laced with pieties and euphemisms of the sort that big industry often inflicts upon its recruits in the name of orientation or adult education. The similarity is so close that at times it seems that the PGA might really be IBM or GMC, and the 60 golfers the firm's brightest trainees brought together at a country club so that they can hear a lot of gingery lectures on loyalty, dedication and the virtues of old-fashioned competition.

The young golf pros even look a good bit like young IBMers. Herded into the club's dining pavilion, they are all conservatively dressed in ties and coats—because they have been told to so dress—carefully barbered, quiet, mannerly, smiling, being, in general (to use a quant old phrase), as clean-cut a group of young men as one is likely to see in these troubled times. They also appear very earnest, listening wakefully, even taking notes as a variety of officials tell them how to get on the tour and how to behave after they get there.

People who run things, whatever they are, tend to believe that the world would be a better, more profitable place for all if underlings were undeviatingly obedient, predictable and respectful. In essence, this is what the 60 young golfers are told in various ways. The message is repeated so often that Don't Rock the Boat or, less elegantly, Keep Your

Nose Clean might have served as the motto for the 1970 school.

The first speakers were two old parties, Leo Fraser and Warren Orlick, respectively the immediate past and current presidents of the PGA. They told the boys that wiser heads than theirs established the traditions of competitive golf, that golf is a wonderful, public service sort of profession, that there are great opportunities ahead of them. More specifically, they warned the boys not to bush about exemptions, the golfing tradition by which stars are automatically permitted to play in big tournaments while unknowns must qualify competitively.

Three clean-cut golfers, Dave Stockton, Dale Douglass and Tommy Jacobs, were introduced as young men who have made it, like salesmen who have sold 300% of quota. The three successful professionals advised the class to develop repeating golf swings, remember the names of as many club members as possible and avoid bad company.

Joe Schwendeman, the tour's head publicity man, told them the press corps is very important to the tour and that as a rule it is manned by honorable men, but that it does not do to gripe to reporters or in places where reporters are likely to hear you.

Joe Dey, the commissioner of the tour, and Jack Tunhill, the tour director, came on as the two top working executives of the outfit. Dey, the world's premier golf administrator and a man in whom a will of iron is modestly covered by a diplomat's suavity, told the boys he was thrilled to see such a fine group, that he knew they would be a credit to the game of golf and to the competitive, free enterprise system. He advised them not to sign contracts with equipment manufacturers or sponsors without legal consultation, to pay all their bills promptly and know the rules of golf well.

Tunhill is another tough cookie, but



QUALIFIERS Bernard (left) and Allen earned their passports to golfing's riches (below)



unlike Dey, does not need—or perhaps does not care—to cover up his iron. Tuthill speaks in an early George Raft style, a soft, sinister whisper out of the corner of his mouth. A disingenuous student asked Tuthill why so much of the purse of each tournament goes to the winner, so little to the also-rans. “Members at my club ask me if it wouldn’t be better to spread it out a little, so more people can make a living, and I don’t know how to answer them,” said the unfortunate rookie.

“That is a good point,” murmured Tuthill. “The answer is don’t talk to outsiders about things like that.”

The climactic lecture turned out to be a good old-fashioned camp-meeting sermon, delivered by Richard Crawford, a touring professional from Arkansas,

who said he went 14 weeks on the tour without a paycheck until he accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Savior. Since then he has been a much happier man and a better golfer. He urged members of the class who get their cards to attend the Tuesday-night Bible readings that he helps conduct on the tour. Also, it emerged, Richard Crawford represents a men’s clothing manufacturer, and he invited the boys to sign up with his firm.

At times the classes at the qualifying school were fairly heavy going, but the main points seemed to be made. There were, as everywhere, a few dissidents. One brash young Texan said of the school, “Well, you can slice it anyway you want, but the reason we’re here is spelled m-o-n-e-y.” Fortunately for the administrators—he had all the markings of a boat rocker—the Texan did not play as well as he talked, and he finished out of the money.

More typical of both the students and the tone of the PGA school was Bob Clark, one of the most promising graduates of the class of ’70. Clark is a good-looking, 23-year-old blond from California. He has no worries about sponsors, since his father and uncle, both business executives, will support him on the tour. He is friendly, articulate, obviously intelligent. He is well on his way to developing a beautiful, tight, repeating golf swing. Since his days in the juniors, he has planned, as another might for medicine or nuclear physics, for a career as a touring professional. (“It’s corny, but I just love the game.”)

He selected his college, California State at Los Angeles, because of its heavy golf schedule, and from that school won the NCAA individual championship in 1969. He practices four or five hours a day. Other interests? Well, he has dabbled in the stock market a bit, . . .

Bob Clark is a very straight arrow and there is not a bit of the pop off or boat rocker about him. “I guess I’m not much of an entertainer, like some of them,” Clark says, without much apparent regret. “I like people and I hope they like me. I’d like to be respected for the quality of my golf.”

Based on the evidence of Tucson, there seems to be a fine chance that Clark will fulfill many of his career ambitions. Without any heroes, though he was putting poorly, Clark hung near the leaders of the qualifying tournament for the first

three rounds. On the last day, when the serious pressure was turned on, Clark kept himself very much together, avoiding trouble most of the time, and when in it, playing out conservatively. (“Eighteenth is as good as 1st here,” he said coolly and correctly.) He dropped a few long puts on the payoff day and came in with a thoroughly disciplined, intelligent, gutsy 70 to finish the tournament five under par, in second place behind Bob Barberossa, another cool, college-trained (University of Houston) 23-year-old.

If skill, temperament and caring mean anything, it would seem that Clark, Barberossa and several others of the class stand a good chance of joining the ranks of the solid, if not starring, professionals. It is not hard to imagine either one of them returning to tell the qualifying school of, say, 1975 how to make it on the tour, as Dave Jacobs (or was it Tommy Stockton?) had.

There is perhaps one other point worth mentioning in connection with the qualifying school. Despite their virtues as golfers and decent young men, neither Clark nor Barberossa were the ones who most involved and caught the imagination of the small gallery at the Tucson event. That honor went to Charles Owens. Like most of the others, Owens was a neat, polite, friendly fellow, but otherwise he was much different from the model of the perfect young professional. Charles Owens is a 33-year-old black man—a crippled man, having as a paratrooper smashed his left leg so badly that the knee joint had to be fused by surgery. (“They say keep your left side firm,” smiled Owens. “Well, with me, no problem.”) Finally, as the eccentricity to end all of them, Owens plays cross-handed, real cross-handed, his left hand lowest on the shaft.

Everyone was rooting for Owens at Tucson, and it was not simply because he was a figure of sympathy. He is also an exciting golf player, being a big man, an ex-football player who hits the ball a ton off the tee, fighting it from these determinedly if not elegantly into the cup. So it was when Owens limped in, dragging his stiff leg, on the last afternoon with a 286, good enough for 10th place and a players card, there was a general feeling that a very good thing had happened, good for Charles Owens, good for those watching, maybe even good for the almighty tour.

END

... and a partridge in a palm tree

A report from Cocoa, Fla. on
the annual Audubon bird count

There was a time when Christmas Day throughout the American countryside was celebrated with hunts. Neighbors would choose up sides and then spread out through the woods and meadows to kill every bird and animal they could find. A robin might be worth two points to a side, a raccoon 10 points, a deer 100 points. By Christmas evening not a sparrow would twitter, and it would be Silent Night indeed.

Around the turn of the century some New Yorkers decided this wasn't very civilized sport. Why not, they suggested, choose up sides and *court*, not kill, the local birds. For 71 years now a bird census has been taken each Christmas, and for bird watchers it is as much a part of the holiday season as are carols, plum pudding and minicoot. More than 15,000 people, from the frozen tundra of Nome, Alaska to Manhattan's West 72nd Street, find sport during Christmas week counting everything from common starlings to the black-eared bushbird. Only pigeons are deemed too lowly to consider. On foot, ski, snowshoes, horseback, in cars, canoes, snowmobiles, jeeps, dune buggies, sleighs, airboats, planes and bicycles, groups of enthusiasts search 15-mile areas, noting the numbers and kinds of birds sighted. Everything is important, even the cattle egret sitting in an Orlando, Fla. parking lot and the 52 red-winged blackbirds in a West Texas cow pen. Of course, not every bird is counted, but the annual survey provides significant information about migrations.

This brand of bird watching inspires keen competition, as well, and annually there is a scramble to be the No. 1 bird-

finding team in the country. "We deplore the count being turned into some kind of game," an Audubon official declares, but Ara Parseghian has nothing on the men who recruit expert bird watchers for their teams.

One such perennial power is the Cocoa, Fla. group, which has finished on top in 12 of the last 15 years. Last week as count day neared it was drawing in specialists from California, Michigan, Ohio, Tennessee, North Carolina and Illinois. "We're very selective," says Allan D. Cruckshank, who heads the Cocoa team. "I turn down 100 people a year. You have to. If I had too many novices, I would be slowed up. It would be like a quarterback stopping to explain a play. This can't be a social party."

Cruckshank claims the competition is not important, that it should never be a major factor because it can upset the compilation. But with a smile he says, "Human nature being what it is, competition creeps into the picture. I organize the count like a military campaign. My wife doesn't like me to use that description, because she is a Quaker." There have been years when Cruckshank used walkie-talkies to monitor the progress of his platoons combing the Cocoa area but he dispensed with them on the count last week.

The prize of the Cocoa region was a rare bar-tailed godwit that had appeared on the local mud flats in mid-October. Only six of this species have ever been found in the U.S. After the discovery of the godwit around Port Canaveral, ornithologists from 27 states flew to Cocoa to see it.

Cruckshank had his 86 bird counters breakfasting at a diner by 5 a.m. He had been up since 3:45 listening for night heron and owls. In parties of four and five the counters set off in the darkness. At this point one could only count birds by hearing them and knowing their call. Under a full sky of stars Cruckshank led his small group down a road through marshlands. Every several yards the men would throw stones into the cattails and mangroves. Occasionally a rock would land near a blue heron and it would cry in outrage—awk (one blue heron), awk (two blue heron), awk (three blue heron)—and so it would go.

Slowly the Big Dipper disappeared and the sky paled into morning. The whish of pelican wings was overhead, 10, 20, 30. With telescopes and binoculars

Cruckshank's group peered out at isle lands and ferreted through cabbage palms and live-oak groves. "Allan, we need help bad," called a Florida fish and game department official who had spotted a bird he could not identify. Cruckshank hastened to the spot and announced, "Black and white warbler."

Elsewhere others in the Cocoa team were enticing birds out of impenetrable places with recorded birdsongs. "I always take my record player," explained Mrs. Lee Cantwell, who with her husband was going on five Christmas bird counts in 10 days. (Arcas nowadays often choose different dates to accommodate enthusiasts like Mrs. Cantwell.)

There are hazards in bird watching, among them rattlesnakes, cottonmouths and an occasional inhospitable property owner. At midday four Cocoa bird watchers were seen crouching and running like soldiers advancing under fire through a backyard. For a long time a barn owl had nested in an abandoned water tower there, and each year on count day the Cocoa bird watchers would skirmish with the lady who owned the land. This year their presence went undetected, but the birders found the water tower sealed and no owl.

A whip of wind turned the afternoon dull and gray. Across dikes and ranchland sandhill cranes were pursued, and finally high-powered binoculars picked them up nearly a mile away dancing in the high weeds.

It is the number of species found, rather than the total number of birds, that decides the No. 1 team. When it gathered in the evening at the local Presbyterian church, the Cocoa group found its members had seen 205 different types of birds—one less than its record—including the bar-tailed godwit. There were a few disappointments. A sly bird watcher who had fed the one ring-necked pheasant in Cocoa daily just to keep it around for count day could not find the cock. Cruckshank scolded his team for other misses. But, in all, he appeared pleased with the results. "Without any question, we have the highest count east of the Mississippi," he declared. He worried that the San Diego bird watchers might have beaten him, and he said there was a real threat from a group in Freeport, Texas that "is gaining up on us."

In two weeks the summerers will be in. Maybe Texas will be No. 1 in something after all.

END

What's the word on New Kent Menthol?



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GAMES CHILDREN PLAY

BY ALEXANDER ELIOT



More than 70 youthful pastimes of the 16th century can be found in this rollicking masterpiece by Pieter Bruegel. An art historian and sometime sportsman now offers us a detailed look at several of the games and tells how they provide rare insights into the manners of another era and hold up a mirror to our own.

CONTINUED

When you look at a barrel, it is apt to seem plump and complacent, in a way. It is an ordinary object, quite at home in the obvious world of things. But the inside of a barrel is something else again.

That is a dark little world of its own. Psychologists find this big difference inside people, and spelunkers note the same thing about the Earth itself. In more subtle ways the same is true of art. I happen to be something of a sports enthusiast, but art history is my main field. To me it seems that every masterpiece is like a wine barrel ready to be breached. For instance, take the picture called *Children's Games*, which Pieter Bruegel the Elder painted a little over 400 years ago. Recently I spent some weeks in Vienna's Kunsthistorisches Museum looking at that picture. It said new things to me every day. The time came, finally, when I had to leave it and return to my home in England. But I bought a large reproduction of the picture and collected all the books and pamphlets I could find that related to it, just to keep drinking the fine wine from Pieter Bruegel's bottomless barrel. And now what I would like to do is pass a glass or two of that wine on to you.

Children's Games is fantastically complex, yet alive all the way. It contains over 200 figures actively engaged in more than 70 different games. Most of the children present look like miniature adults, which is just how children appear to each other's eyes. There is no hint of sentimentality in the entire picture. These kids play with more passion than grace. Their games foreshadow adult furies, follies and aspirations. Each game seems to have been caught in mid-action by a fast camera; you get the feeling that it will whirl on again the moment you look away. But all the same, each separate child's gesture is really forever. And there you have the baffling sort of paradox that makes a masterpiece. Abraham Ortelius, the great geographer, was a good friend of the artist, and when Bruegel died Ortelius wrote an epitaph that helps explain this paradox: "In all his works, there is more intelligence than painting."

The full force of Ortelius' judgment comes home the moment you let your eyes roam across *Children's Games*. The picture radiates intelligence, and also plenty of painting. No artist ever exhibited finer craftsmanship. No one ever composed a picture on this scale, so loaded with detail, in such seemingly effortless fashion. A suburban crossroad lies before you. The season is summer, and masses of children have come tumbling out of doors. Their scurrying, yelping, scuffling, dusty cries thread the sweet air.

You are looking down on the foreground from about the height of a second-story window. But as you glance

into the background, your vantage point rises imperceptibly. Bruegel has used perspective tricks of his own invention to just about triple your field of vision. In this way he avoids overlapping and lets you see distant figures fairly clearly. You notice that his main design takes roughly the form of a lower-case y. The long stroke of the y is a straight street that bisects the picture from lower left to upper right. In the middle of the street six boys are having a camelback tournament while a second six play leapfrog. Farther along, some children are bowling against a wall. Others play follow-the-leader, and in the extreme distance they dance around a street fire. The street ends at a cathedral, yet its long canyonlike effect is vaguely sinister. Not so the short stroke of the y. This starts at about the picture's center, with two boys doing acrobatics on a hitching rail. This line of the design curves left under a portico where some little children are whipping tops. It ends at a cool and inviting swimming hole under the trees.

So much for a general view. The picture is built up of individual dramas and relationships that require much closer inspection at your leisure. Look, for example, at a few games near at hand in the painting's foreground. Has your eye yet happened to mark a portable toilet seat in the center there? A tiny trouserless boy has just stood up from that. He gallops off to the right. The hobbyhorse between his knees may seem a quaint form of transportation, the reason being that in our time the internal-combustion engine has supplanted horsepower, and tricycles have pushed the hobbyhorse from our sidewalks. But, from 3,000 years ago until the other day, hobbyhorses were standard equipment for kids.

As a case in point, consider the Nuremberg peace fair of 1650. That celebration, which occurred 90 years after this picture was painted, featured a hobbyhorse jamboree. Nearly 1,500 boys took part, each with his wooden mount. They must have made a bonny kind of cavalry. There is nothing particularly bonny, however, about Bruegel's em-



hryonic horseman. His steed rears phallus-like from the grip of his hidden right fist. The stick body dragged beneath his shirttails seems to lunge. With the switch held in his left hand, the rider flicks at his mount's imagined flank. The boy is crouching down as he gallops, making a jagged pinwheel of intensity astride the rushing beast. Regard his floppy gray coat, several sizes too large. No doubt that is a hand-me-down from some elder brother. The same thing goes for the boy's cap, which he has yanked well down over his face in imitation of a knight-at-arms' visor. The eyes beneath that cap may or may not shine with concealed rainbows of fantasy. The boy himself may or may not be destined for trial in actual fact, upon some battlefield over time's horizon.

A small girl troubadour seems to be leading the hobbyhorseman along. Her cheeks are pink and puffed, her eyes tight shut. She bangs a drum and shrills upon a pipe at the same time. In cacophonous pretend parade she circles round a second little girl who is stooping to jab at some offal with a stick. Bruegel painted the stooping girl to be especially pristine in her blue and white costume. Like a stray bit of summer sky bending down to make contact with the Earth, she earnestly pokes and peers. The loose ends of her kerchief lie along her neck as trembling as rabbit ears.

Just in back of that first little group you notice a second trio. Two children are rocking a rather big baby on their joined hands. This pastime is usually accompanied by a nursery rhyme of some kind, such as *London Bridge*. No doubt it dates back to the very beginnings of human family life. One could easily collect a hundred different ditties that are still sung to this particular game. Here is one example only, the words of which seem nicely calculated to increase the baby's half-fearful delight:

Catch him, crow! Carry him, kite!
Take him away till the apples are ripe;
When they are ripe and ready to fall,
Here comes baby, apples, and all.

Like a ripe apple swinging down into the world of time and space is just how Bruegel depicted this red-gowned infant. The baby constitutes a delicious burden, perhaps. Yet he must be a good bit heavier than bargained for. The boy and girl who bear his weight with awkward good nature are playing and practicing both at once. They are practicing for parenthood, consciously or not.

Just to the right of those figures you see an upright bar-

rel with a Star of David and a tiny hand sketched on its lid. At a rodeo or circus you might take this barrel for a strategically located hiding place. A little girl squats down to peep in the bunghole and smell its redolence, and possibly to give a joyful shout into the boomful black belly.

A big boy in red tights cavorts in front of the barrel. The hoop he is rolling may have come from it. His cornsilk hair, calf's eyes and long-legged awkwardness indicate early adolescence: an age when all bets are off. Holding a bun in his left hand, he seems about to chew at it while stroking his hoop along. This looks to be the beginning of a hoop race. And though he may stumble before the end, this hesitant red-legged contender appears dangerous. He may surprise.

Ahead rushes another hoop roller whose long, backward-flapping blue coat carries the sheen and grace of a kingfisher's wing. Whether on account of some racing collision or perhaps a cuffing from some irate adult, his right ear has been bandaged up. The sky-blue cap and white bandage together give a gyroscope effect to this young fellow's head. His wide eyes appear reckless, witless or possibly both at once. He, too, carries a bun in his left hand. Perhaps the rules of this race call for one to eat and run. The boy must be a winner on occasion. The inside rim of his hoop is hung with prize money: small jingling coins.

As golfers cry "fore" today, so Renaissance hoopsters used to yell out "*poortys lantys*" as they charged along. In the narrow streets of the towns their sport grew to be something of a menace, which was accordingly legislated against. A typical edict passed by the town of Donrecht in the year 1485 requires scant translation. It reads: "*Nyet en lopen by der straten mit hupen, roepende 'poortys lantys.'*"

Just ahead of the hoop racers is a small boy, wandering across their course. He has his father's slippers on, it seems. The heels stick out so that he appears to be walking backward. He also wears a paper crown, slued around

clockward



at an untidy angle. This child is inflating an ox bladder by mouth. When the bladder is fully distended he will twist its neck shut. But just then a surprise may come. Collision looms. If the hoop racers plow into the dreamy bladder blower, a loud vulgar bubble of noise will burst from this corner of Bruegel's picture. With a ghostly chuckle of anticipation, the artist sits back and waits for destiny to take its course.

A building beam anchors the right-hand foreground of Bruegel's composition. A solid young fellow with a priestly smile sits on the beam. His knees make a head cushion and his folded arms act as a blindfold for another boy, who bends down like a billy goat on a short tether. Behind that boy is a second, also bent down, who forms the billy goat's hindquarters. A rival pair of boys rides the goat's back. They have roughly jumped up astride their friends. The handmost rider raises his left hand and shouts something to the youngsters playing the role of billy goat. What does he shout?

The answer to that question rings right around the world. It has done so for a very long time. Iona and Peter Opie, the British anthropologists, have succeeded in tracing that particular shout all the way back to ancient Rome. Petronius Arbiter, who lived in Nero's time, described a scene in which a slave boy playfully leaps up on his master's back and calls out: "*Bacca, bacca, quot sunt hoc?*" In our own day Swedish schoolboys make it:

Bulleri, bulleri bok
Hur många horn står upp?

In the Republic of South Africa, meanwhile, the Boer children sing out:

Bok, bok, staan styf.
Hoeveel vingers op jou lyf?



And in Brooklyn, N.Y. the limerick is much the same:

Buck, buck, you lousy muck,
How many fists have I got up,
One, two, or none?

If the goat guesses wrong in this game it remains the goat. But a correct answer gives it the right to rise and hurl its riders to the ground. They thereupon become the goat for the next round. So Bruegel's picture here presents a cycle—not to mention revolutionary—game which appears half as old as history.

A little girl has turned the lower corner of the beam into a store counter. Her whole merchandise consists of a single brick. Busily she pulverizes this to sell as saffron or flour or salt or sugar, depending on your own particular needs. A twisted piece of paper serves as a scoop with which to dispense her wares. The scoop resembles a conch shell: a very old symbol for creation out of the void. The tiny storekeeper also possesses a pair of scales, which appear to have been made of a turnip split in half. They recall the ancient Egyptian "weighing of souls," the constellation Libra and, of course, the Last Judgment. These metaphysical overtones are perfectly intentional on Bruegel's part. Yet no one takes the least notice of them.

Centuries pass. The customers gather not. The storekeeper still bows her head over her wares, obstinately. Behind her back there stretches a dueling ground of a kind, worn bare of grass. Two older boys kneel on the ground to engage in a ritual contest of mumble-peg. This game requires each player in turn to fling a knife from awkward positions and make it stick point down. Experts know how to do this from both the palm and the back of the hand, from behind each ear and even backward over their heads. However, the stunt which Bruegel portrays is harder than any of those. The boy in white is just about to knock the knife spinning from betwixt his teeth into the ground. He looks a bit desperate. His companion keeps careful watch to make sure that the rules are observed.

The name of this game refers to its proper conclusion, which goes like this: the winner uses his knife handle to hammer a peg into the earth. He gives the peg one hammerblow for each point of his victory margin. Then the loser has to pull, or "mumble-the-peg," out of the ground with his teeth.

There will be slight pause for peg-mumbling. Meanwhile, hear the words of a judicious art historian named Valentin Denis. Bruegel's art, he says, "can best be understood by men equipped with considerable knowledge not only of the ancient classics and local literature but also of the imaginative customs and language of the common people. Like Rabelais and Shakespeare, Bruegel adapts

ed the slightly pretentious fashion of his age: a show of learning . . . hidden under everyday appearances."

Rabelais, you may remember, listed no less than 217 children's games in his famous book, *Gargantua*. As for Shakespeare, he was the most crudely playful of all playwrights. For his sense of humor, drama and mystery—all three—Bruegel belongs in the company and class of Rabelais and Shakespeare. In my humble opinion these three were the true giants of the Northern Renaissance. But that is by the way. Have you noticed that low circle of bricks in back of the mumblety-peg players? Those bricks are a good example of "everyday appearances" that conceal a great deal.

Here lies the largely ruined circular base of what must have been a brick tower. Apparently some children began building the tower as a clubhouse and then abandoned it. This detail of *Children's Games* is unique in that it contains no protagonists. Those scattered bricks circle back and back symbolically, away from the present into the distant past.

Three times in his painting career Bruegel illustrated one and the same Old Testament tale. This story tells how once upon a time people set themselves to build a tower that would reach heaven. God foiled their plan. He put many different languages into the minds of the builders. The masons thereupon ceased to understand what the architects were saying, the engineers could no longer communicate with the diggers and the contractors bargained at cross-purposes. Regretfully, therefore, they all abandoned work. Time wore their sore-thumb skyscraper down to nothing at all. Yet it remained in men's minds as the ultimate symbol of human vanity: the Tower of Babel.

The detritus of that tower appears once more in *Children's Games*. Children also have their differing tongues—their games—each one of which carries a separate set of rules. So, tribe by tribe, they have now scattered far and wide from the abandoned tower. Heaven remains safe for the moment, even from children.

To the left of the bricks a boy can be seen being bounced up and down against the building beams. His smooth young face is dignified and set. Like a Roman soldier or Red Indian of legend, he keeps his composure, even in pain. Doubtless the boy is paying a forfeit for something. In Bruegel's nonaffluent world, prizes were rare and forfeits commonplace. Children take to both game endings, of course, with all their hearts. They are no greedier, crueler, braver or better than their parents.

"Demonic, awkward, musty, encapsuled, compelled, unlovable"—those are just a few of the jarring epithets that critic Paul Portmann found for the figures in *Children's Games*. And yet, Portmann conceded, "their unrestrained surrender to games would bring a secret smile to the lips of even the strictest schoolmaster." I agree that there is nothing particularly cute about these kids. And I too find



myself drawn right inside their games. They themselves care about what they are doing; that is the main thing. These children are being bowled along and flung about by the marvelous force of their own playmaking. Bittersweet, ephemeral and eternal is the passion which they display.

For example, observe that pair of roughriders to the left of the boy who is being bounced. They have laid a barrel on its side and they have mounted it, facing each other and gripping the bung-hole. Between their thighs the barrel rolls and pitches as they ride. The fellow in canary-yellow tights, with his cap set at a perilous angle, seems about to pull a fast one on his friend. Notice that left foot of his, under the long rust-colored coat. In just a moment that foot may flick out like a lawyer's tongue to spin the barrel hard right and tumble his companion to the ground.

This possibility stands present, threatening yet invisible, to the seascick eyes of the boy opposite. His hair, therefore, bristles with animal distress and fear. He rides like a jockey, too high on the barrel. His look recalls the demmented horror of condemned souls hurtling down to hell in obscure church frescoes.

Bruegel made a practice of mingling funny things with dark, forbidding ones. In that sense he created his own swarming "theater of the absurd." Black humor, by the way, is not so modern as some people think. Among its many precedents were the Dance of Death pageants commonly performed in Bruegel's day. Those street plays were partly comic and partly religious. They taught people to get ready for death and laugh about it as well.

With that in mind, let your glance sweep left again across the foreground of *Children's Games*. Passing the upright barrel and the baby rocked in the arm cradle, you come upon a peculiar small parade. The child at the tail end of this line is shrouded, head to feet, in a blue cloak. The next and littlest in line smiles beatifically; perhaps she is too young to understand this game. The second from

continued



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For years, air traffic controllers have been keeping track of aircraft by watching radar "blips." They tell the controller the direction the planes are moving, but not how high they are or how fast they're going.

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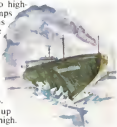
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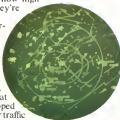
Though ice several feet thick will give way under the weight of an icebreaker's bow, sometimes the ice is thicker, and it won't. So now, a new motion has been added to ice-breaking. The Rock 'n Roll.

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the front has pulled her voluminous skirt up over her own head. The leader carries a small bundle. It appears to be the same size as a newborn baby. This has led certain historians to conclude that the procession represents part of a make-believe christening. But christenings are happy occasions. Here three of the four children stumble heavily along, as though sunk in gloom. Moreover, the foremost of them carries her bundle stoffily, flat across her wrists, as if pretending to hold a corpse.

Funereal or not, the file will have to turn aside in a moment. Two older girls are playing knucklebones directly in its path. They have five bones in use, with more reserved in basket and apron. Crouching, catlike, the girl on the right makes a toss. She keeps her eyes fixed upon the knucklebone twirling above her head. The other bones must be made to follow the first, juggled in a complex pattern of catch and toss. The other girl waits and watches, kneeling like an acolyte. The turn of her open hand and the thrust of her pale smooth neck are curiously intense. Under that concealing bonnet she may be chanting the sequences of the game for her friend. How do they go? "Creeps. Clicks. No clicks. Pigs in a basket. Little maids. Big maids. First everlastings . . ." Something like that.

The game itself may well be the oldest one requiring equipment in the world. We call it "jacks" or "jackstones," and play it with pronged metal pieces and a rubber ball. Bruegel and his friends used knucklebones, and they seem to have called it by a fine euphonious name: *Hofsten, Hofsten, Bockelen, Pickelen*. In Japan it has been known as *Ore-dama* since the dawn of history. The Greeks referred to it as *Pentathlon* (livestones). Sets for the game have been unearthed from Bronze Age tombs and prehistoric lake dwellings. Thunder was once ascribed to the noise of a game of knucklebones being played across Heaven's transparent paqueting.

To the left of the knucklebone players an open door affords a glimpse of a second pair of girls. These two are making rag dolls that are dressed just like their creators, in kerchiefs and aprons. The dolls seem practically human,

yet if they were really so the girls would have to be considered superhuman or even divine.

As dolls are to human beings, so people are to divinity. Myth and legend have made that point repeatedly. For example, Sumerian texts (which are among the earliest known) relate how the god Enkidu shaped the first human beings out of mud. The Hebrews say it was Jehovah who breathed life and spirit into Adam's clay. The Greek Pandora was a living doll, created by the gods on Mount Olympus for the purpose of making men miserable. Witches who stick pins in doll fetishes are assuming the privileges and manners of airy demons. Michelangelo carved majestic all-weather dolls. And Pieter Bruegel also played with dolls in his own quiet way.

Can you not picture him sitting beside the girls, just behind the frame of his own painting, making figures of live children and shoeing them, one by one, out of doors? In this light *Children's Games* becomes a vast street romp exuberantly poured from a single, semi-divine child's fingers.

An infant wearing a long apron stands beside the front of the door, facing an outdoor workbench at which three older children congregate. In his left fist the infant fortigally holds a top. Such tops as his were customarily numbered on each facet for gambling purposes. But this boy's top is blank as yet. Meanwhile, the backward tilt of his head, the smiling curve of his cheek and especially the outflung gesture of both his arms, all express joyous astonishment. He seems overwhelmed by the cleverness of the older boys.

The child ensconced behind the bench on the right-hand side has been blessed with a tiny pet. Animals were kept for food, for use or for the rich in Bruegel's day. Very few children could afford a pony or a puppy. But peasant boys used to catch and tame birds for pets. The bird on the bench seems to be a finch, specifically, a *Cawobels cawobels*. Perhaps it makes its home in that cage-like dunce cap of bulrushes the boy has on his head.

Incidentally, the eye of imagination will soon discern a second pet quite near the first. This one may be the medieval equivalent of the Easter Bunny or a hunting hound or a war horse, or even a raging lion. It will not run away, in any case, for its master has tied the beast securely to the end of the workbench. To uninstructed eyes, of course, the creature is a mere brack.

Behind the workbench stands a plump young fellow in a blue smock. Like his neighbor, he also wears an open mesh dunce cap. Blowing out his cheeks, he puffs through a tube into some sort of bowl. What for? The most likely answer to that question is given by Jeanette Hills in her linguistic analysis of *Children's Games*. Such words as



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Model 67	Model 68	Model 69
Model 70	Model 71	Model 72
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Model 76	Model 77	Model 78
Model 79	Model 80	Model 81
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Blatern blazen, Bobbels blazen, Bobbelen, Bellen blazen and *Zeepeel*, she explains, can be traced back to Bruegel's own era. They all mean the thing which this boy must be doing, namely, blowing soap bubbles.

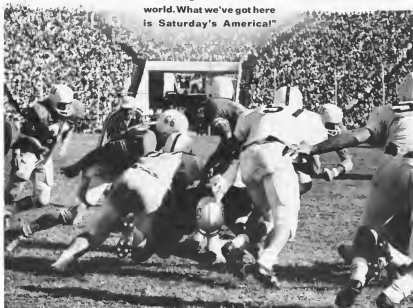
Does it seem frivolous to pore over such inconsequential matters as this? Perhaps we ought to put away childish pastimes. But then again, philosophers such as Schiller and Plato have dared to place games at the very center of civilized living. Schiller used to insist that people are fully human only when they play. As for Plato, he stated in the *Lysis* that "we ought to spend our lives playing games."

My space is nearly up, and I have succeeded in introducing only the foreground figures of *Children's Games*. It will be for you to travel on into the distances of this painting if you feel so inclined. Bruegel brings the whole world of childhood, which has so often been lost and rediscovered, practically to your fingertips. Meanwhile, I shall conclude my own part of the business by pointing to the most mysterious and graceful figure in the entire composition. He wears tight-fitting lilac and a jester's hood. He sits poised upon one end of the workbench, as if he had just now floated down out of the air. A Renaissance toy known as a *Rosmolen* is in his hand. This consists of a hollowed-out apple, a wooden spindle, three small horizontal crosses fitted with paper sails and finally some string, which is wrapped tight around the spindle. Whoever yanks that string out through the hole in the apple will make the sails twirl round and lift the spindle straight into the sky, like a helicopter.

That toy stands, to my mind, for what Bruegel has accomplished. His painting appears motionless, naturally. But, as you look at it, try pulling the string of your own childhood memories. Think of the many subtleties and sideglances which seem to have thronged Bruegel's own mind. Explore this light suburban summertime scene, winged as it is with children. Enter into the thing, and you may feel it soar.

E402

**"Dan, you know what that is
up there in those stands
and down here on this foot-
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BUGGED

Sirs:

John Fowles' article, *Weeds, River, America* (Dec. 21), is the most thought-provoking that I have read concerning conservation. His immensely personal approach to the problem brought about a reevaluation of my opinion on the subject. The feeling of reverence for nature must grow in America before any real, constructive action can take place.

BERT WATTSEY JR.
Palm Beach Gardens, Fla.

Sirs:

What a beautiful article to end 1970. John Fowles states huge truths so simply one can hope everyone will understand—and follow through.

DALE NELSON
Belmont, Calif.

Sirs:

I agreed with much of John Fowles' article, but I also disagreed in part. For instance, he deplored the fact that Americans use the term "bug" to describe all the diminutive, crawling, creeping, hopping creatures of the insect world instead of calling them by specific names. Yet later in the article he castigates these amateur naturalists who bother to learn the scientific names of the components of our natural scene instead of just sitting back and enjoying them en masse.

It would seem that anyone who has the slightest interest in the flora and fauna of our natural world would have enough curiosity to learn their proper names and a little about how they fit into the environment.

HARRY CANELY
Kingston, Tenn.

Sirs:

John Fowles' deliberately provocative and generally excellent article is marred by one glaring omission. Nowhere does he mention the mosquito. Yet this critter (I use the word collectively) is a major determinant of the differences between American and British attitudes toward bugs.

The mosquito is virtually unknown in England. I was born and raised there and was interested in nature from early childhood, but I was 14 before I learned that there were mosquitoes in "England's green and pleasant land." I learned from being severely bitten around the ankles—just once.

No American born before the era of DDT could possibly have reached the age of 4, let alone 14, without being acutely and uncomfortably aware of the mosquito. It was the mosquito more than any other insect that drove the Americans to screen their build-

ings and to adopt DDT with such avidity.

Mr. Fowles is right in deploring the attitude of a majority of Americans that all bugs are bad. But before he condemns it all bugs understand its origins. Crop-destroying pests are bad enough, but their incidence is relatively local. The mosquito is ubiquitous and has fostered a continent-wide loathing for bugs. Unfortunate? Yes. But understandable! Very!

GILBERT CANTY
New York City

Sirs:

John Fowles demonstrates original reflections on man's role vis-à-vis his natural surroundings but erroneous and highly prejudicial reflections about Jews. In the first place Jews are no more or no less gifted than any other group. Their socioeconomic position may enable them to send their children to college in higher numbers than some other groups and the lack of acceptance in some occupations may have forced them to dominate in others, but these are clearly environmental and not hereditary factors. Secondly, as surely Mr. Fowles knows, the Jews are not a race. I have visited Moroccan, Slav, Japanese and black synagogues, and Israel is a totality of Jews of virtually every race known to modern man.

As for the Jews' "blindness toward nature," this is pure nonsense. European Jews were as sensitive to nature as any group of Europeans (and that was very sensitive), while American Jews are also as sensitive to nature as most Americans (which is not very sensitive at all).

"In classical Yiddish . . . there are very few words for flowers or for wild birds." I doubt that Mr. Fowles knows any Yiddish, but since I do, I would inform him that I cannot think of any flower or bird for which I know an English name that I cannot think of a Yiddish equivalent. Granted that I know few of these in English, but Yiddish is no more or no less likely to be sensitive to nature than is English. One only has to read the classic Yiddish writers, even in translation, to sense their sensitivity for nature.

RABBI LEONARD BIRMAN
Los Angeles

Sirs:

There is a reference to Jews as having one failing, "blindness toward nature." Knowing nothing about classical (or any other) Yiddish, I was never aware of this failing. I personally am a nature lover in every sense of the word, and my garden is both cultivated and wild!

Mr. Fowles is obviously another of our British friends (you remember them from Cyprus) some of whose best friends are

Jews. To paraphrase: it would be a better game without the damned author.

EMANUEL POLOGE
Pearl River, N.Y.

Sirs:

John Fowles has done an insightful job of laying bare the peculiarly American environmental ethic. Hail Britannia!

TODD THIBAU
Albuquerque

Sirs:

Fowles offers two choices: to do or to damn. He has finalized my decision to do.

BUCKY LEBMAN
McHenry, Ill.

ENDANGERED SPECIES

Sirs:

Anyone who is not familiar with Walter J. Hickel the crusader need only read his article *When a Race Breathes No More* (Dec. 14) to see that he is not a crusader for the interests of big business or self gain. Instead, he has continually crusaded for a better environment and a greater sanctity for wildlife at the expense of big business. Perhaps that is why his title as Secretary of the Interior now carries the word "former."

The Hickel species of the political world is just as endangered as the whale (SCOTT CARD, Nov. 30 *et seq.*). And, as in the case of the whale, it will require the efforts of many concerned individuals to prevent this species from becoming extinct.

BYRON L. WARREN
APO New York

Sirs:

How could you run Walter Hickel's eloquent defense of the whale as an endangered species and in the same issue show a picture of Viking Carl Eller (*Message from Minnesota: Three Dots and a Dash*, Dec. 14) in his wolfskin coat? Two dots, a dash and a dad.

T. A. HUNNICK
Torrance, Calif.

Sirs:

It is deplorable that you chose to include a picture of Carl Eller wearing a coat that "took a pack of wolves to make." This photograph illustrates all too graphically the incredible ignorance of, or indifference to, the plight of our endangered species. The wolf was given this designation by Secretary Udall in 1966, and estimates of its numbers in the lower 48 states run as low as 300, almost all in Minnesota. Defenders of Eller will no doubt argue that the wolves were from Canada. Wolves there, however, are facing the same misguided persecution that

continued

Remember when the Peace Corps happened?

There was an electricity, a shared smile. Most of us said, "What a great idea!" And thousands of Americans said, "I want in."

Just like that. The Peace Corps was in business, exporting a product that the cynics had made jokes about for two hundred years:

The American Innocence, the notion that people can change things.

The supply of volunteers was unlimited. Before the Sixties ended more than 40,000 Americans—most of them young and white and college educated—had joined the Peace Corps.

Whatever happened to the Peace Corps?

What happened was that America, the world's leading exporter of innocence, ran out of the product at home. Let's not go through the list again. Growing up anytime, anywhere is hard work. Growing up in America has become almost unbearable.

The Peace Corps had some growing up to do, too.

It had to stop telling young people that love alone conquers all, because it doesn't.

It had to stop saying that volunteers could be "agents of change"—political change—because it wasn't true.

It had to stop pretending it wasn't a United States government agency, because it is.

It had to learn that—believe it or not—people in faraway lands know more about what

they need than we do. (And when they ask for help, they're very specific: an electrician, two city planners, five math teachers, an experienced farmer.)

Today the Peace Corps is in 60 countries. That's 59 more than it started in. It's changed a lot, but so has the world and so has America, and so—after all—have you.

The Peace Corps is still a remarkable idea for people who need to help, nose to nose. But it's not like it used to be.

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18TH HOLE continued

has brought our wolf population to the brink of extinction.

Beyond this seeming indifference to the wolf's precarious position is an even more fundamentally wrong approach to wildlife. That is, the curious mentality that seeks to acquire the qualities of an admired species by cutting off its skin and wearing it. SI and Carl should know better.

ROBERT BENDER, M.D.

San Diego

BOBBY (CONT.)

Sirs:

Since Bobby Orr, the individual, and the sport in which he participates must be considered inseparable, you are to be strongly criticized for your Sportsman of the Year selection (Dec. 21). Hockey has no black major leaguers, and a couple of years ago one of its very few Jewish players openly spoke of numerous anti-Semitic remarks directed toward him by other players. Your usually sexually aware magazine has performed a great disservice by giving this type of recognition to a most unsportsmanlike sport.

MARTIN J. ARONOFF

New York City

Sirs:

"He burns rubber driving . . . out of [the] parking space . . . cuts off another car . . . curves . . . crosses the yellow double line . . . guns the long blue car the wrong way up a one-way street. . ." He then tells a frowning male d'hôtel, "Don't you ever come over to my table and tell me and my friends to be quiet!"

An interesting new villain from Mario Puzo? No. It's Bobby Orr, SI's Sportsman of the Year!

FLOYD DIMOND

New York City

Sirs:

For the first time in 17 years a hockey player has been named Sportsman of the Year. It has taken that long for a man of Bobby Orr's ability and humility to come along and prove himself and his sport worthy of this prestigious award. As a director in New York City's largest minor ice hockey program and as an admirer of everything Bobby Orr stands for both on and off the ice, I salute SI for its selection.

GARRETT N. ROBBELLE

Brooklyn

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's article on my good friend Bobby Orr was an outstanding assessment of this young man. He is a perfect client for any lawyer in that he always seems to do the right thing naturally.

I must in fairness correct one mistake. I am not a member of the Canadian Par-

liament. I was a member of the provincial parliament of Ontario from 1963 to 1967. At present I am president of the Ontario Progressive Conservative Association.

I am sure all of Ontario and Canada share my joy in your 1970 Sportsman of the Year award to Bobby, the grade of Parry Sound.

R. ALAN EAGLESON

Toronto

SCREEN PLAY

Sirs:

Congratulations on an excellent critique of ABC's college-football broadcasting (TV Talk, Dec. 14). Frank Deford mentioned the difficulty that Bud Wilkinson has in keeping up with the instant replays. I would suggest, in his defense, that there are also many times when he isn't given a chance, because there are a lot of great or interesting plays that are never shown in replay.

It's a shame ABC has lost a million dollars this year. And Chris Schenkel and Coach Wilkinson indeed do a fine job of preparing the audience for the game. But ABC might learn something by asking the fans their reactions to Don Meredith on the Mondays. The same problem exists there, with many fans having no rooting stands in the game, but what a refreshingly open and frank discussion of the game and the players Meredith and Co. provide. That broadcasting crew is half the reason I watch the game.

PETER H. COALE

Wayne, Pa.

Sirs:

I couldn't agree with you more about the way Chris Schenkel and other announcers handle the college-football television broadcasts. All of the top announcers treat the audience as if it were back in the 1950s. We are in an age where the fan wants to know who made the mistake, but the announcers treat the players as though they could do no wrong.

In all fairness I feel that Howard Cosell is the best announcer in television today. While a Keith Jackson might say, "The sun was in his eyes," Howard Cosell will say what the fans are interested in hearing: "He dropped it." I feel we need more Howard Cosells so that the TV viewer can get a fair idea of what is happening on the field.

JAMES RUSNICK

Miami Beach

COURT PROCEDURES

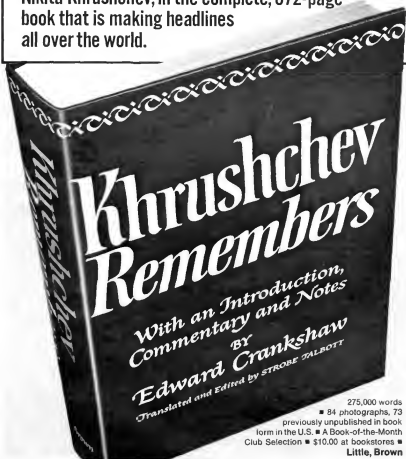
Sirs:

It would be interesting if you would explain precisely the reasoning behind your comment that thoroughbred racing has been "disgraced" because a disagreement concerning the 1968 Kentucky Derby wound up in a court of law. (SECURICARD, Dec. 21.) Professional football now is under investigation; baseball and basketball are in court.

continued

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19TH HOLE *continued*

have been before and undoubtedly will be again, is there any organized sport (or large organization of any kind) that does not get hauled into court at one time or another?

The mere fact of being involved in court proceedings is no disgrace. It simply means that somebody has filed suit, and practically anybody can file suit against practically anybody else for practically any reason—or sometimes for no reason. What is disgraceful is to resort to bribery or other under-the-table arrangements to stay OUT of court.

That thoroughbred racing provided a thorough airing of its problem in an open commission hearing and in civil court reflects honor on the sport.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON

Editor

The Thoroughbred Record

Lexington, Ky.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

Sirs:

In your Dec. 21 pictorial review of the year you emphasize that Bernie Carbo never touched the plate on the controversial play of the 1970 World Series. The next day on the TV pregame show it was clearly shown that after the argument Carbo touched the plate on his way to the dugout and never left the baseline or the proximity of the plate in the process. I guess you had to say that he never touched the plate to make the point but, after all, facts are facts.

FRANK GOULARD

JIM ADAMS

West Lafayette, Ind.

• The fact is that the play had already been called and it no longer mattered whether Carbo touched the plate.—E.D.

Sirs:

You have reprinted a tremendous picture of the controversial World Series play at home plate involving Bernie Carbo, Elie Hendricks and Umpire Ken Burkhardt, but your articles have never solved a beautiful baseball dilemma suggested by this play. Let's say that Umpire Burkhardt is standing clear of the play and judges that Carbo moved home plate but that Hendricks also moved the tag. Both players freeze—presuming the play is over—and look to the umpire for a decision. Please tell us what Burkhardt is supposed to do: stand there in silence, make a call or what?

JEAN JOHNNING

Columbus, Ohio

• Stand there in silence. There should be no call since the ball is still alive.—E.D.

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